Circulation Last Week,
107,000.
SAMPLE COPIES
Sent Free to any address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

FIFTH PAGE.
MR. KNOX'S 'ORIENTAL THIEVES.'

VOLUME LVII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, AUGUST 2?, 188?. NUMBER 3?.

Poetry.

WHAT MATTERS IT?

J. EDGAR JONES.

WHAT matters it, my curious friends, where lies
Our heavenly harbor and our land of rest?
Whether it be beyond the azure skies
Or in some lower world,
God knoweth best.
It offers safety from our cares and so
What matters it whether it be high or low.
It offers rest! what more should mortals know?

Rest from the weariness of burdened days,
Of bitter longings and of evil hours,
Of duties leading us through darkened ways
And into efforts far beyond our powers,
Of dark temptations, into secret sin,
Of constant labor, earth's poor gauds to win,
Of spirits deafened by the strife and din.

It matters nothing as to when or where
We find the haven and the welcome home;
Let curious doubt give place to trusting prayer.
And no weak soul through speculation roam.
We seek for sealed up secrets, hidden things;
Enough for us if on eternal wings
We reach the country of those better things.

Vex not thy spirit, oh, aspiring man!
But live thy days as earnest workers must;
Nor try to pierce through God's mysterious plan
Which obligates thee to a life of trust.
Some day, somewhere, while countless ages roll,
Thy hungry heart shall comprehend the whole,
The veil be parted for thy thankful soul.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

When the cows come home,
With their tender eyes
Aglow, and the fevered day is done,
I will fold my hands,
And one by one
Life's cares will fade, till I am a child,
When the cows come home.

When the cows come home
With their lagging feet,
Again as a barefoot, careless lad
I pass the gate
Where the children wait
For a drink of dashed milk warm and sweet
When the cows come home.

When the cows come home,
How the mem'ries sweep
Over the heart that is lone and old,
Of a childhood fled,
I recall my dead:
Aye, one by one, at the sunset's gold,
When the cows come home.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

EVA J. BEEDE.

All hail the lovely golden rod,
The queen of autumn days!
Midst grasses tall its gray crests nod,
The world with glory tingeing.

Its fluffy blossoms manifold,
The swampy meadows flecking,
Weave tapestry of cloth of gold,
The fields with splendor decking.

Along the dark old forest's edge
What yellow plumes are streaming,
And through the thick and tangled hedge,
The golden wands are gleaming.

The lakeside slope is all aglow,
Where golden rod is drooping,
Bright mirrored in the depths below
In many a graceful grouping.
—*Boston Journal.*

Our Story Teller.

A LOVERS' QUARREL

EACH face had on it an angered look — hers with a spice of jealousy, his with a determination about it which seemed to indicate that he would suffer anything rather than yield. She spoke:

"Undoubtedly, Capt. Duncan, it seems a trifle to you, but since that means that I can no longer feel toward you as I have felt, that means also that you cannot care much for my good opinion."

"But, Miss Chapman, I——"

"It is really of no use to discuss the matter."

"Pardon me, but there is use in discussing it. That will at least give me a chance to see how far you are determined to carry your injustice."

"My injustice!"

"That was what I said."

"Then it is your intention to be impertinent."

"Nonsense! Come, now, Kate, doesn't it strike you that we have gone fast and far enough on this road? For my part, I am sure that I do not find quarreling with anybody very entertaining, and least of all quarreling with you."

"You speak as if it were two children who had fallen into a petty broil."

"Not quite; but we have come uncomfortably near it."

"I am sure it is not my fault."

"It is nobody's fault, Kate, and I am anxious that it do not prove to anybody's misfortune."

"But why do you persist in doing what I have asked you not to?"

"Am I trying to please myself in taking Miss Dennison to the shore?"

"You are certainly not trying to please me."

"You would be better pleased, then, if I broke my promise to her aunt, who is one of my mother's oldest friends, and did not take her after I have agreed to."

"But you need not have promised."

"What has that to do with the question now? If I have promised I must fulfill my engagement, must I not?"

"You seem to think so?"

"I seem to think so! Good heavens, Kate, you are evidently trying to show me that contrary to my firm belief you can be one of the most aggravating women alive."

"It is well to learn in time."

"In time?"

"Yes, while you can yet draw back."

"And I have given you a right to talk like that?"

"No, no; I do not require a right. I assure you that when I make up my mind to be disagreeable I do not wait for any excuse."

"Then you are only giving me an exhibition of histrionic talent. I am glad of it; I am sure you do it well, but I am too fond of you to enjoy it."

"So you think I am acting. I am as thoroughly in earnest as I ever was in my life."

"But you cannot be so foolish as to insist that I should break my engagement to drive Miss Dennison to the shore. It is after all, no great matter; we shall be back in an hour."

"A great many things may happen in an hour. I know how rapidly you can get ahead."

"Kate!"

"How do you know that in the course of an hour you may not become engaged to this Miss Dennison! I am sure you did to me in half that time."

"Perhaps she will not be so easily persuaded as you were."

"Capt. Duncan!"

"Well?"

"And you pretend to call yourself a gentleman! Very well, sir, if I was easily persuaded to become engaged to one who is capable of twitting me with it. I have at least the spirit to free myself from the engagement quite as quickly."

"There, there, Kate, I was only forced to make a back stroke in self-defense. I meant nothing at all."

"But I do."

"Then I am to understand that— "

"You are to understand that everything is over between us."

"Forever?"

"Certainly."

"And not to be made up to-morrow morning?"

"Of course not."

"Nor the day after?"

"Never."

"Then I am of course free to do what I like in the way of making new love?"

"It is nothing to me what you do. If you are not restrained by a sense of decency there is nothing to prevent your becoming engaged again within twenty-four hours."

"Very well. I thought I would like to understand thoroughly just where I stood before I started for the shore with Miss Dennison. She is so confoundedly handsome, and her aunt did drop a hint that the girl was greatly taken with me."

"Or your uniform."

"Well, we will say with the uniform; the fact remains that there is no telling what might happen before we got back again, and I wanted to be sure that it would be quite honorable for me to follow my inclinations in the matter."

"Miss Dennison is a bold, forward creature, and the way her aunt has thrown her at your head ever since you came here is enough to disgust anybody."

"Do you really think so!"

"You know I think so!"

"Well, I had hoped that you might be above the ordinary narrowness of your sex; but I should not have expected it, I suppose."

"Very well, I presume it is idle for us to talk longer, Capt. Duncan. I will send you your letters, and here is your ring."

"Oh, it is really no matter about the ring; the letters I should like, so that I may copy the good things out of them if I should ever have occasion."

"You are too, too horrid, and I hate you?"

"Really, Miss Chapman, why should you cry? You certainly broke this engagement to please yourself, not to please me, and I do not see what you can care about my conduct hereafter."

"You know I care and you are just trying to make me miserable."

"I did not flatter myself that I had the power."

"You know you have."

"By taking Miss Dennison to the shore as I have promised?"

"You had no right to promise without asking me."

"But it did not enter my head that you would care the least in the world?"

"But I do care."

"And I did not realize that by becoming engaged to you I had put myself in the position of not being able to do a favor to my mother's friend."

"Not even when that meant going off to drive with forward young women that were setting their caps for you?"

"Well, it no longer matters, since we are no longer engaged. I shall know better what to expect next time. You see, this was my first engagement, Kate, and I was not fully up on the etiquette of the thing."

"As if etiquette had anything to do with it! If you had really cared for me you would not have wanted me to go off with that vulgar Miss Dennison, no matter who asked you."

"Oh, as far as that goes, I did not in the least want to go as it was. Now, of course, when there is no reason why I should not flirt with her all I have a mind to of course it is quite different."

"Yes, quite."

"And, naturally, I shall be likely to find the drive a great deal pleasanter. It is rather awkward, you know, going off for a long, uncompanionable drive with such an awfully pretty girl when you don't feel at liberty to make love to her. You feel as if you were falling short of what is expected, don't you know?"

"Oh, there can be no doubt that that is what is expected in this case. That is what you were asked to take her for."

"I dare say."

"And yet you could agree to do it when you knew this, and you did not even ask me."

"But because it was expected, it does not follow that I was likely to do it."

"Bah! there was never a man yet who had a chance to make love to a good-looking girl that didn't do it."

"But you have never allowed that Miss Dennison is a good-looking."

"You think she is, so it is the same thing so far as you are concerned."

"Yes, I think she is, certainly."

"There is no special need of your remaining here to say that over and over to me, so far as I can see. You had better go and prepare for your drive."

"There is a lot of time. Miss Dennison never liked to be hurried, so I shall make it a point to be a little late. It will make her think she was ready on time, and that will put her in good humor."

"Then you know that her temper is so uncertain that it is necessary to figure closely to keep her even decently good natured."

"Nothing of the sort; she has only a little more vivacity than most of our lackadaisical modern girls."

"That is the advantage that belongs to her as an antique girl."

"Now, really, Kate, that is too bad."

"But I am sure she is old enough so that one may be excused for not pretending that she is in the first blush of youth."

"It is evident that no use to talk to you. I see that I may as well go. I assure you that I bear no malice."

"Bear no malice! I should like to know why you should! I do bear malice."

"So I inferred."

"Haven't I cause?"

"One never has cause for malice."

"I am—I don't care; I think you are too cruel for anything!"

"There, Kate, if you are going to cry—"

"I am not going to—to—to cry-y!"

"If I have said anything that offends you—"

"You have broken my-y-y-hea art!"

"Come, come, Kate, you know I didn't really mean anything. Don't cry, for heaven's sake! I can't stand that."

"You don't lov-ove me any more, and you never did!"

"At least it was not I that broke our engagement."

"You know you wanted it broken."

"You certainly fell in with my wishes very easily."

"A girl with any pride would do as I did."

"Very likely."

"And you know I didn't begin it, either; I only didn't like you going off with that horrid Dennison girl, and I couldn't help emembering the ti me we went to the shore, and you said you——"

"Yes, and you said that you——"

"And I w-s in earnest and you were only amusing yourself. Now I shall never know how many girls you will say the same thing to."

"That will be dreadful! I'll tell you what I will agree to do, Kate. I'll let you know whenever I say the same thing to another girl. I have learned my lesson this time, thank you?"

"And so have I!"

"Then we are quits, and both of us are free."

"You won't be long. You will be engaged to Miss Dennison before you get back from the drive to the shore."

"I'll bet you a pair of gloves that I am not."

"As if I could bet on such a thing."

"Why not?"

"I am truly concerned for your happiness to feel like making a jest of it."

"And yet you could make it the subject of a caprice."

"A caprice?"

"Yes; what else was your objection to my taking Miss Dennison to drive? You knew that you could trust me, and that I did not care a rap for the girl, and yet you could break our engagement on so flimsy a pretext as that."

"But, Horace——"

"But, Kate."

"Really, don't you want to go with Miss Dennison?"

"I do not see that you have any longer the right to ask that question, but I do not mind saying that in the beginning I did not in the least care about going with Miss Dennison. Now that I am no longer engaged the thing is, of course, different."

"Horace, I am so sorry that I was so horrid."

"So am I."

"Won't you forgive me?"

"Really, Miss Chapman, it does not seem worth while to——. There, there, Kate; don't begin to cry again. I can't stand any more. I am a brute, and I'll do anything you want me to."

"I only want you to—to love—ove—ove me—e!"

(The continuation of the conversation consists so largely in phonetics and embraces that it is impossible to represent it by the use of ordinary type.)—*Boston Courier.*

An Apt Definition.

Omaha teacher—"I would like some one of the class to define the meaning of *vice versa.*" Bright boy—"It's sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed."—*Omaha World.*

An Attractive Costume.

Dumby—"You say Miss Periode looked beautiful in her bathing suit. What sort of a suit was it?"

Mumley—"Stockings and style."—*Lawrence American.*

GREAT GODFATHER.

The Danger That Lies in the Naming of Children After Great Men.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

ABOU BEN ADHEM was called upon one day by a person who desired to draw a bucketful of wisdom from his inexhaustible well. The man—for it was a male person—had with him a bright-faced, intelligent boy of perhaps six summers, who was restless and impatient, as such boys are likely to be. The lad broke loose from his father, and ran to chase a butterfly that was lazily disporting itself in the warm air, when the father, with tender solicitude, said to him:

"Rutherford Hayes, remain with your parent; you might slip up and soil your pants, my child."

As the father spoke these words an expression of pain flitted over the countenance of the sage.

"Your name is Thompson?"

"It is."

"And your che-ild's name is Rutherford Hayes Thompson?"

"It is."

"Alas! poor child."

"Why do you sigh and say 'Alas! poor child?'"

"Because Mr. Hayes is not yet dead, and a grateful country has not, as yet, bedewed his untimely grave with tears. That's why I sigh for that child. Listen.

"I was once a sweet child myself—the pride of a loving father and of a darling mother. When I was born, Agha Ilderim was the vast artillery of the province. He was a member of the council, he was the great orator, and, in short, the coming man. My father was a warm supporter of the great Agha Ilderim; he was on his committees at elections, and he attended all his meetings, and rallied his voters to the polls, and brought in the aged and infirm voters, and was an enthusiastic supporter of the great man as he could wish to have had. And it was purely disinterested, too. True, the fact that my father had been appointed, by Agha, inspector of rat terriers for that district, was urged by his enemies as a reason for his zeal, but it was a slander.

"When I was born Agha Ilderim was at the zenith of his power, and my father, the moment the sex of the child was ascertained, threw up his turban and named it Agha Ilderim, and Agha gave me a silver cup, and patted me on the head, and predicted a glorious future for me.

"But, alas, when I was five years old there came a trouble upon Agha Ilderim. There was a load that was being built by the government and there was a huge swindle in it. The Shah investigated it, and lo! it was discovered that Agha had had his arms in it elbow-deep, and once opened, it was discovered that this patriot had been speculating and stealing in every possible way for years. And he was disgraced, of course, and defeated for the council and became of naught among men, and his name become a hissing and by-word, and in his stead rose Nadir el Abin, who took Agha's place and became the great man of the province.

"My father became a great admirer of Nadir, and as he was continued in his office, did for Nadir what he had done for Agha. I filled with indignation at the dishonesty of Agha, he melted the silver cup he had given me, and sold it and spent the proceeds in strong waters, and immediately changed my name to Nadir el Abin, and was happy.

"But lo! in about four years the governor of the province desired to get through the council a measure which the people did not approve of, because it took away their liberties. The members of the council were implored to stand firm against the usurpation, and Nadir was looked upon as one of the most trustworthy; but, to the indignation of the people, he voted with the governor and carried the measure, and when they hooted at him he put his finger to his nose, for the governor made him collector of revenue for life.

"Then was my father's rage kindled against Nadir and he came home and said to my mother:

"'Lo! Nadir's name is a stench in the nostrils of the people. Be chesm, it will never do for our child to bear the name of Nadir.'

"And as Akbar, the scribe, vaulted into Nadir's place in the affections of the people my name was forthwith changed to Akbar.

"Akbar ran well for a season, but he went under. A patent for tipping chibouks was before the council for extension, and the people murmured at it, for it offended them. The owners of the patent, however, cared nothing for that. They appeared to the members of the council with arguments, in bags, and Akbar was possessed of many bags immediately after he had voted to extend the patent, and the people hooted him and threw mud at him in the market place.

"As a matter of course it would not do for me to continue to bear the name of Akbar, and it was changed to that of Hafiz, and when he went under, to Katah, which I kept till Katah succumbed because he voted himself back-pay, and was concerned in a ring for building a road.

"Then my father and mother held a council over me one morning.

"'I have tried,' said my paternal parent, 'to give our child an honorable name.'

"'Verily,' returned my mother.

"'But whenever I gave him the name of a great man, that man suddenly fell.'

"'He did,' said my mother, 'it is fate.'

"'What shall we do?' asked my father. 'The child must have a name, and it seems to be risky to give him the name of any one living. Advise me, oh my wife!'

"'Let the great men go, for lo! such is the construction of the human mind, that greatness is as uncertain as railroad stocks. Let us call him Abou.'

"And they did it. Abou, my friend, is a name which, in Persia, is as common as John is in New Jersey.

"And now comes the point. Change that boy's name from Rutherford Hayes to plain James, John, or Thomas. Never name a child after any living greatness. If you must name him after a great man, take a dead one, and select a very dead one. Go to your books and roust out a deceased statesman. Avoid you recent ones. Go back and find one who has been dead so long that all his vices and peccadilloes have been obliterated by the hand of time, and only his virtues remembered. I would advise you not to fasten on any one who has flourished since the Roman Empire. It will not answer to take a living man, for his balance-sheet is not made up until he has gone hence. A good deceased is safe, and no one else is. Imagine the feelings of that parent who, just after the battle of Saratoga, in your revolution, named his innocent child Benedict Arnold! The hero of Saratoga may always become the traitor of West Point. To bring it down to a later date, what is to become of the thousands of children who, between the years 1860 and 1867, were named A Johnson?

"My friend, for names go among the dead men. Their lives are closed, and their balances are struck. A man dead, with worms at him, and under several tons of marble monument, cannot possibly get up and blast a fair reputation. So long as a man lives he is in danger. Folly and greed and ambition surround every man who lives. I have to fight them off myself.

"Change the name of your child to Thomas at once. Go, for I am weary."

She Wonders.

The maiden in a hammock lay,
The day was fair and bright,
The young man sat not far away—
Gazed on the pleasant sight.

The mesh her rounded form entwined
In soft embrace, at ease;
Each ripe perfection, clear defined—
She wonders if he sees,

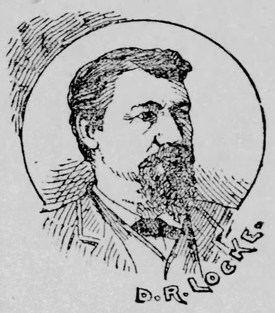
She turned half round to catch his eye,
Moved by coquetry's law;
The hammock tipe—the white skirts fly—
She wonders if he saw.

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

Copyrighted 1889, by the Toledo Blade Co. All rights reserved.

The Demagogue

by D R Locke



D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER VII.

CALEB MASON AS PRINTER, REPORTER, AND LAW STUDENT.

THE school-days of Caleb Mason ended, and he began the life he had marked out for himself. At odd times while attending the academy he made the *Clarion* office his resort, "learned the boxes," and the art and mystery of type-setting. When he entered the office as a compositor, he had therefore a knowledge of the elements of the art, and the steady practice soon made him an expert and tolerably rapid workman. He found his surroundings pleasant and encouraging. Mr. Rhoads had taken a strong liking to the young man, and treated him as an equal and a comrade rather than as a subordinate; and altogether his lines were cast in pleasant places.

Caleb worked steadily and zealously. His days were passed in the printing-office, his evenings at home or in the editorial sanctum of the *Clarion*. Mr. Mills left the town for the summer, and Caleb determined to spend his leisure time in reading. His year at the academy had widened his mental horizon and shown him the actual greatness of the field covered by the literature and science of the world. Pulaski at that time possessed a rarity, namely, a public library. There were some three or four hundred volumes, all told, many of which had been contributions from various sources in the East. It was a somewhat hap-hazard collection, yet it really contained a very small proportion of literary trash. It was a perfect gold mine to Caleb, and all his spare hours were spent in mastering the better portion of its contents.

The exchange newspapers which came to the *Clarion* office he also made a part of his daily reading. He had now got beyond the omnivorous stage, and read only those portions of each journal which specially interested him. He began to take a deep interest in politics. He noted many instances wherein men who in youth had possessed no greater advantages than were now his own, yet had risen to national renown through political preferment; and he often speculated as to the possibilities of himself rising in the same manner.

The following fall, events came about in a way which turned his speculation into a positive bias. There was a political campaign on hand, including a Congressional election. The fight promised to be hot in that particular district, for although the majority, as it was then constituted, was Democratic by a good figure, the candidate of that party was unpopular to some extent because of some transactions of his while acting as attorney for Eastern owners of land in that locality. In order to save the country by assuring the election of the regular candidate, despite this disaffection, several speakers were brought into the district from other localities. The principal one of these was Judge Rainey, a prominent Congressman from Pennsylvania, who was a brilliant stump speaker, and was detailed to make a number of addresses in Pulaski and the county of which it was the shire town. He had known Rhoads while that gentleman lived in the East, and as soon as he reached Pulaski he made a call at the *Clarion* office.

Mr. Rhoads was in the composing-room, helping to set type for that week's issue, which went to press the next morning. After a few minutes' talk standing at the case, Judge Rainey signified his desire to have some private conversation with Mr. Rhoads. The conference extended itself to over an hour, at the end of which time Mr. Rhoads made his appearance in the composing room with a number of sheets of freshly-written manuscript, which proved to be the "copy" of a double-leaded editorial taking extremely strong ground in favor of the Democratic candidate. The *Clarion* was of that school of politics, but Mr. Rhoads had said little, if anything, about the nominee for Congress, for the very good reason that a number of his best subscribers were farmers who had conceived themselves injured by the course of Congressman Dickman.

The first sheet of this was given to Caleb to set up, the rest being distributed among the other workmen. He turned to Mr. Rhoads, who was working at a case by his side, and said:

"Who wrote this article?"

Mr. Rhoads smiled as he replied: "I wrote it myself, of course; don't you see it is in my writing?"

"It is in your writing—I know; but it is not your language nor your style, not to speak of the extreme ground it takes in favor of Dickman."

Rhoads laughed as if he were immensely amused. "Well, Caleb, the hand is the hand of Rhoads, but the voice is the voice of Rainey, as I have no doubt you knew to a moral certainty before you asked the question. I wrote it from the Judge's dictation."

"But why do you take such strong ground for Dickman? Only yesterday you were talking about the advisability of bolting his nomination and supporting the Whig candidate for Congress."

"The best reason in the world, Caleb—several reasons, quite a number of reasons; reasons so strong and potent that the ruddy hue of health is in their faces and even on their backs." And as he spoke he drew from his pocket a fat roll of crisp new bills—bills of the old State Bank of Ohio, all of whose issues had the denomination printed across the face in crimson ink, while the ornamental lathe-work on the backs was of the same color. One can get a good idea of their general appearance if he will look at the back of a national bank note, and imagine it printed in crimson instead of in green.

The reader, unfamiliar with a printing office, may wonder that Mr. Rhoads so frankly expressed himself to Caleb, and that, too, in the presence and hearing of his other employes; but this will not seem strange when the fact is taken into consideration that such matters as the authorship of any article appearing in a newspaper, and in point of fact, all subjects connected with the conduct of the paper itself, are considered as office secrets by every printer. There is a code of honor existing among the members of the craft in this respect, which is rarely, if ever, broken. The whole city may be in a ferment over the authorship of an article appearing in a local paper, yet the compositors who put it in type, if they know the secret, are as silent as the grave. Office secrets are as well kept as those of a Masonic lodge. Mr. Rhoads had perfect confidence in Caleb Mason's discretion, besides.

That evening after supper, Caleb returned to the office, with the intention of looking over some of the exchanges. As he opened the door he was surprised to find Mr. Rhoads and Judge Rainey its occupants.

"Here he is, now," said Rhoads, addressing the judge. "We were just speaking of you, Caleb—or rather I suggested that you were the very person the judge wants. Come in."

Caleb was introduced to the distinguished gentleman, who opened the topic of his business. He was desirous of having a secretary to travel with him around the county during the week he would be making speeches. He wanted a capable young man, who wrote a good hand, who was intelligent, and whose fidelity could be depended upon. Mr. Rhoads had recommended Caleb, and he would like to have the young man's answer to the proposal. And in conclusion he named what Caleb considered a very liberal sum as compensation for the week's work.

"If Mr. Rhoads can spare me for the week," was Caleb's prompt reply, "there's nothing I should like better. Fancy if he had not known me well enough to vouch for my discretion he would not have recommended me to you. I write a fair hand and a tolerably rapid one; as to the other qualifications you desire, I can only say I will do my best."

"Well, young man," said the judge slowly, scrutinizing Caleb's face, but evidently with favor, "I think you'll do. I like to hear a man, especially a young one like yourself, express confidence in himself, where he does not do it in a vain-glorious way. I tell you, my young friend, to be sure of yourself—to believe you're as good and perhaps a little better than anybody else you know of, and yet not show it in your words or manner, is one of the essentials to success in these latter days. I wouldn't give a copper for a fellow that imagines that everybody else, of his own age at least, is as good as himself."

The week that Caleb Mason spent with Judge Rainey in the position of secretary was a revelation to him. He found, to his great surprise, what practical politics really means. It was a series of object-lessons to him which colored all his after life. As we already know, he had an exalted idea of the power of money; that week's experience fixed in his mind the conclusion that money rules the country, for he found that money could be used to buy voters—or, rather, to buy the services of men who controlled voters; that large majorities were thus obtained by the use money; and, as majorities rule, it follows that money rules the country.

"Why," said Caleb to himself, "it would be possible, if a man were rich enough, for him to actually become President of the United States, by the use of money alone, irrespective of his own merits, or of those of the opposing candidate!"

Judge Rainey was one of those speakers who can sway the feeling of the multitude. Caleb, sitting on the platform beside him, noted closely the very simple means by which the judge produced the results he desired, and wondered that the honest farmers who listened so attentively did not discover it also. His speeches always opened with some complimentary allusions to the class of people forming the bulk of his audience. With a crowd of farmers he would make some neat remarks about the antiquity of agriculture, speak of the free, unhampered life of the tiller of the soil, compliment his hearers on belonging to "that honored class who are the foundation of national greatness, the corner-stone on which our free institutions are built—the bone and sinew of the country, the honest yeomanry who are the pride of, as well as the pledge of the perpetuity of, our nation." Having thus gotten his hearers into a good humor with themselves, and with a favorable predilection for himself, the orator went on to discuss the political questions of the day from the standpoint of his party platform, taking care not to weary his auditors by compelling their attention to solid argument, save for a minute or two at a time. His speeches abounded in illustrations, generally consisting of funny little stories, the climax of which was twisted so as to give an illustration of the political point he desired to make.

Judge Rainey watched his audience as a doctor watches his patient while administering some powerful medicine. He first got them into a good humor with themselves and with himself; he stirred up their party loyalty until it was at a white heat; then came the really efficacious portion of his discourse. His sole business of course, was to overcome the disaffection existing toward Dickman. In order to do this he made a very strong point of party loyalty; compared the Democrat who deserted the ticket at this crisis to the soldier who basely abandons the flag he has sworn to protect, and deserts to the enemy. The text of this portion of his speech was always the well-worn aphorism, "principles, not men." The candidate had received the nomination at the hands of his party in convention assembled; hence he might fairly be assumed to be a choice of a majority of his party. He then appealed to his party loyalty in his support. He elaborated the point that it was not Dickman, the lawyer, nor Dickman the land agent, nor Dickman, the man, for whom they were called upon to vote, but Dickman, the Democrat. He was the party candidate for Congress, and it behooved the Democrats of that county, as of every county in the district, to see that, if possible, a representative of the Democracy should be returned to the house. If the policy of that party was to rule in the halls of legislation, it could only be done by electing Democrats. Unless they wished, absolutely, to turn their backs upon its glorious principles, and to betray their party, they should see that Dickman was elected, because he represented those principles.

But why did he use this method further? All are familiar with that style of argument, and every one who ever attended a political meeting has heard illustrations of it. Caleb Mason sat quietly by and watched the crowd surrounding the platform, to note the effect Rainey was producing upon the people. Then, after the speech was over there was always a reception, wherever possible, to the Judge; and the crowds thronged in to shake the great man by the hand. After the spectators had melted away, there was always left a residuum of political workers, men who had influence, men who were seeking for some petty county office, and a private consultation was held, in which the darker side of politics was made plain to Caleb.

The week's campaign closed with a grand evening rally in Pulaski. A huge bonfire burned in the public square, a brass band made the night hideous with its bang and blare, and speeches were made by Dickman and Judge Rainey. There was tremendous enthusiasm, and the two gentlemen made strong speeches; Judge Rainey particularly, outdid himself. His stock of stories was entirely new, because there were too many men present from different portions of the county, to render it possible to retail the same set of anecdotes he had used while making the rounds of the school districts. After the speech-making was over, the public reception to the two distinguished orators was held in the court-house, and lasted until a late hour. Judge Rainey reached his room in the hotel, Caleb accompanying him, just a little before midnight.

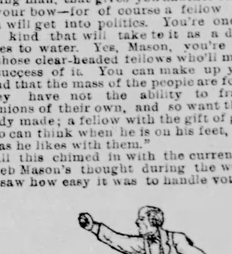
"There," said the judge, throwing himself into an arm-chair, "that's over, and I'm d—d glad of it. I'm getting too old for this active campaigning. It takes too much exertion, both mental and physical, to be knocking around in country neighborhoods and tickling the ears of a lot of wooden-headed farmers and country jakes with a pack of worn-out yarns. It has got to be done, of course, but you young fellows must take up the burden. I ought not to have come out here this week, but that shallow-pated ass, Dickman, insisted that I should come, and I want to use him next year in Congress. He hasn't got sense enough to hoe his own row in the House, for which I'm mighty glad; for if all these fellows in the House had axes to grind, some of us would have a devil of a time carrying our points."

The waiter came in just then with a stiff glass of brandy and water, which Rainey had ordered upon his way up-stairs. The judge drank it reflectively and slowly, gazing curiously into the depths of the tumbler after each gulp, as if he expected to find something important at the bottom. "There," said he as he finished the dose, "that was very good—very good! Take an old man's advice, Mason, and don't get into the habit of drinking. It plays the very deuce with a man. I see that you don't drink; you always pass the bottle by. It is an excellent idea for a young man—most praiseworthy, and all that. By the way, Mason, why don't you read law? You were cut out for a lawyer. There is money in it, especially for a bright young fellow like yourself."

"I should like to, very much," replied Caleb, modestly, "but I don't see my way clear to do it."

"Nonsense, my boy! The way to do a thing is to do it! You are working for our friend Rhoads, you've plenty of time evenings and at odd hours to read law. You can get through and be admitted to the bar by the time you're of age, and be ready for a career; and you can keep on working in the printing-office to make your subsistence, until you begin to get a practice. And, by the way, young man, that gives you another string to your bow—for of course a fellow like you will get into politics. You're one of the kind that will take to it as a duck takes to water. Yes, Mason, you're one of those clear-headed fellows who'll make a success of it. You can make up your mind that the mass of the people are fools. They have not the ability to frame opinions of their own, and so want them ready made; a fellow with the gift of gab, who can think when he is on his feet, can do as he likes with them."

All this chimed in with the current of Caleb Mason's thought during the week. He saw how easy it was to handle voters;



JUDGE RAINEY WATCHES HIS AUDIENCE.

and while he was determined to become a lawyer, it was more because the law would afford him a suitable stepping-stone to politics, than from any desire to become great in the practice of that profession. Caleb saw that the lawyers were becoming the distinctively office-holding class, and he considered that it would be worth while to become one for that reason, if for no other.

There were three weeks yet to intervene before the election. Judge Rainey spent those in the other counties of the Congressional district, one week to each county. The work he had begun prospered finely; the current of public opinion against Dickman was completely checked, and turned in his favor. And the result of the election was, that Dickman ran but 96 votes behind his ticket in the whole district.

Mason communicated his desire to study law to Mr. Rhoads. A lawyer whose office was just across the street from that of the *Clarion* entered him as a pupil on mutually satisfactory terms, and Caleb's course of reading was changed from miscellaneous literature to Blackstone's Commentaries. He was an indefatigable student, and his preceptor cheered him on by most encouraging comments upon his progress. He continued, of course, to support himself by his work in the *Clarion* office. And thus the years went on, bringing him nearer and nearer the goal of his ambition.

Farmer Dunlap still maintained his interest in the boy. He was proud to see that his discernment had not been at fault when he extended a helping had to lift him out of the mire of social degradation in which he was born. He insisted on Caleb's coming out to the farm to spend Sunday now and then. On these occasions young Mason was received as an honored guest. Sarah, who was growing into a beautiful young lady, received him with favor; and Caleb, who still retained the admiration for her which had begun when she, a little girl, had stood up bravely for him against Whitmore's tyranny, often found himself speculating upon the possibility of one day marrying her and becoming wealthy—for farmer Dunlap possessed a very comfortable store of this world's goods, and Sarah, his only child, would certainly be the heir.

But Caleb did not allow his dreams of the possible future to interfere with his present activities for study and work. He became a good printer, and also developed considerable skill as a reporter. So there were one or two days each week which he devoted to scouring the town for local news wherewith to fill the third page of the *Clarion*. These two days were generally Saturday and Wednesday. Saturday was the day of all others on which the farmers flocked to town. They came from all portions of the county on various errands of business—selling their crops, paying their taxes, purchasing goods, etc. Mr. Rhoads owed a great part of the success of the *Clarion* to his habit of publishing items of interest from every portion of the county. It was Caleb's duty on Saturday, then, to meet as many of the influential citizens of the rural districts, who had come to town, as possible, and to find out what there was stirring in their neighborhoods suitable for items. This enlarged the circle of the young man's acquaintance very much. On Wednesday, of course, he endeavored to find everything of interest that was occurring in Pulaski, and chronicled it for the week's paper.

He soon developed a talent in this direction far beyond that of Mr. Rhoads. The latter was bound down by his earlier years of active newspaper life, when local news formed but a very subordinate part of the contents of the paper. Caleb found out the truth of Rhoads's axiom, that anything in which the people were interested was the thing to publish, and he extended it in a way undreamed of by his employer.

It is a fact that this young man was the first "personal paragrapher." He was shrewd enough to see that the mention of a man's name in the paper was not only flattering to that person himself, but also pleased his friends. And Caleb boldly reasoned that the same must necessarily be true of women. So, one Thursday afternoon, the local page of the *Clarion* blossomed out with a quarter-column of items, of which the following are samples:

Miss Helen Harvey returned yesterday from a visit with the family of Hon. Erastus Allen, at Springdale.

Miss Mary Powers, of Dresden township, is spending a few days in town, the guest of her former school-mate, Miss Sylvia Rawson.

Three or four couples of young gentlemen and ladies took a moonlight drive to Lake Musquash Monday evening. The trip was a most enjoyable one, and no doubt a fashion has been set that will be largely followed during the summer.

And so on, through the quarter of a column. It is safe to say that the columns of the *Clarion* had contained nothing since the day it was established that created as great a sensation as this. The older people condemned it without stint—that is, all the older people except those belonging to the families of immediate friends of the persons mentioned. The younger people thought it great fun; and there was probably no person mentioned in those items who did not feel flattered at the compliment. There was an immense run to obtain copies of the paper, and the outside forms having been distributed, and the supply of *Clarions* running short, Mr. Rhoads was compelled to print a large number of half-sheets to send to his exchanges and out-of-town advertisers, and finally found a considerable sale for them in Pulaski itself. The people did not care for what the two outer pages of the paper might contain. All they wanted was that quarter-column, and the half sheet containing that was just as acceptable as the entire paper.

Caleb had perfect faith that the plan would be a success, although the storm of indignation, which was more sham than real, exceeded his expectations. The next day Mr. Rhoads and himself were kept busy by callers protesting against the publication of such items. The number of these protestors was so great that Mr. Rhoads became somewhat shaky, and that evening seriously debated with Caleb the propriety of apologizing in the next number of the paper, and promising that the innovation should cease.

This by no means satisfied Caleb Mason. He had a purpose in view, which he carefully concealed from Mr. Rhoads. He was determined that the personal items should not only continue, but be made a feature of the paper; and he used all possible arguments with his employer, save the real one. He pointed out the fact that the *Clarion* had never had such a sale; that over three hundred copies had been sold more than the regular circulation of the paper; that not one of those who had taken the trouble to protest, had ordered their subscriptions discontinued; that these persons really formed a small portion of the total list of the subscribers; that it was fair to presume that those who were mentioned were flattered at the distinction, because one among them, and none of their families, had called to protest; that if the *Clarion* continued it would add considerable to the circulation of the paper, and thus increase the revenues of the office.

"Well, Caleb," said Mr Rhoads, in conclusion, "I guess you may go on with it, at least for a week or two, and see whether it's any benefit or not, and if it isn't, we'll stop it."

On Saturday, the *Gazette*, the opposition paper came out, and its leading editorial was devoted to the new department in the columns of the *Clarion*. Had its editor been wise, he would have said nothing; but he wasn't. Considering it an opportunity to make a point against his hated contemporary, the *Gazette* man resorted to what was then the style of editorial controversy, and devoted a half-column to abuse, of which the following is a sample:

Ghoul-like as is the crawling wretch of the *Clarion*, we must say that he exceeded our belief on this occasion. He has invaded the sacred privacy of the homes of our people to satisfy that prurient curiosity which is his distinctive characteristic. Like all loathsome creatures of that class, he imagines that the good people of Pulaski can possess his own impertinent curiosity, and spreads out information obtained at keyholes and by playing the peeping Tom at parlor windows, before his handful of readers. He is too cowardly himself to run any risk of the condign punishment which would follow detection, and, as we are informed, delegated the duty of obtaining the knowledge of trifling family affairs, which he so brazenly parades in the columns of his loathsome sheet, to a vulgar employe of his, who is endeavoring to become a pettifogger, and is reading Blackstone for that purpose. That young sprout should be kicked out of all decent society, if there is any to which he gains entrance. We predict that the few honest people who, from motives of pity, patronize the *Clarion*, and thus enable its editor to eke out a miserable existence of semi-starvation, will see that their charity is misdirected, and abandon him to his ultimate fate—a residence in the county poor-house.

That settled the matter. Rhoads swore that the items should go in, if he had to stand at the door with a shot-gun, every Thursday, to keep people from mobbing the office. The above-quoted paragraph contained the first reference to Caleb Mason that had ever appeared in print, and the young man writhed in his soul at the abuse; and he felt, for the first time, what it must be to a man in public life to be pilloried in the newspapers. He got used to that in future years; but nothing that was ever afterward said of him, during his political career, in the newspapers, had one tithe the effect of that brief allusion in the columns of the *Gazette*.

Caleb's real purpose in his new department was simply to obtain social recognition. He was content to wait, for he knew it would come through that channel. The next week he had a much longer array of personal items, in which mention was made of nearly every person of importance in the town of Pulaski whose name had not been introduced on the first occasion. He went on, week after week, until the new feature was firmly established. As he had predicted, the circulation of the *Clarion* increased very perceptibly, in spite of the abuse of the *Gazette*. The editor of the latter, after writing a number of venomous articles, at last realized the fact that he had been an idiot, and repaired his error as far as possible by dropping the subject.

As soon as the personal department of the *Clarion* had become a recognized feature, Caleb was

Recent Literature.

A LULL IN BOOK-MAKING.

Lectures to Young Men on Various Important Subjects—Poems—The Feud of Oakfield Creek—Up Terrapin River—September Magazines—Literary Notes.

An edition of Henry Ward Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men on Various Important Subjects," is issued by John B. Alden, New York. There are six, upon the following subjects: "Industry and Idleness"; "Twelve Causes of Dishonesty"; "Six Warnings"; "The Portrait Gallery"; "Gamblers and Gambling"; "The Strange Woman"; "Popular Amusements". Like all of the great preacher's writings, these are terse, strong and convincing, and should be in the hands of every young man in the country.

A little volume with the modest title of "Poems," is published by the author, at Marietta, Ohio. The book is made up of short poems upon a variety of subjects, most of them every day matters. Some of them are very pretty and melodious, and some strong. All read well, though there is nothing which denotes great genius.

In the Riverside Paper Series, published by Haughton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, comes in paper covers, "The Feud of Oakfield Creek," by Josiah Royce. It is an American novel, but with scenes, people and incidents peculiar to California. The author has shown his familiarity with that state by his book in the series of American Commonwealths. It is vividly written, with a strong local coloring.

"Up Terrapin River," by Opie P. Read, is another book published in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. The scene is laid in Arkansas, and is full of the spirit of the country. Besides the principal story are two or three others, short but characteristic. They are "In the Cumberland Mountains;" "A Commercial Rip Snorter;" "His Friend Readers;" "Hendricks Knew It;" "Wearing Out the Carpet," and two or three others.

Literary Notes.

P. T. Barnum will bring out during the coming summer a volume of personal recollections.

Some Boston literary and newspaper men will, it is announced, bring out a new paper early in the fall.

Laurence Hutton will be the subject of the frontispiece portrait in the September *Book Buyer*. A personal sketch will accompany the likeness.

Macmillan & Co. will publish in September a revised edition of Bryce's "American Commonwealth." It is said that 10,000 copies of this work have been sold in the United States.

The firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York, has been awarded a gold medal for the excellence of its display, at the Paris exposition, of books by American authors.

"Lorna Doone," published sixteen years ago, is now in its thirtieth edition. A new English edition has just been published by Sampson, Low & Co.

H. H. Boyes sen's novel "The Light of Her Countenance," has been published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, in their Town and Country Library. It is in paper cover and costs fifty cents.

"Fling and Cling" is the musical title of an amusing story by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, which her daughter, Miss Dora Wheeler, has illustrated and published in *Harper's Young People* August 20.

"Gold That Did Not Glitter" is the title of Virginius Dabney's forthcoming novel. This is said to be unlike "Don Miff" in that it is purely a story, and a humorous one, and one without philosophical digressions. The scene is laid in New York and Virginia.

A delightful study of animal life and character is contributed by Olive Thorne Miller to the September *Popular Science Monthly*, in the shape of a description of a pet lemur which the author possessed, and which represents a group of animals closely allied to the monkeys.

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, who is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, at Newport, has just completed a novel for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, for which rumor says she was paid $1,000. The scene of the story is laid in England, but the heroine is an American girl.

Count Tolstoi, it is said, holds in so high estimation "Tokology, a Book for Every Woman," written by Alice B. Stockham, M. D., of Chicago, that he has offered to translate it into Russian. Baroness Gripenberg, of Finland, has promised to put it into Swedish.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward has established at Gloucester, Mass., a "Fishermen's Reading-Room," with newspapers and games. She has also founded several coffee rooms at the Point. She is said to be much beloved by the people of the city, where she has made her summer home for so many years.

One of the most extraordinary spectacles in the world was 10,000 people standing in an imaginary line and waiting for the signal to enter on the promised land of Oklahoma. The scene that followed the firing of the signal gun has mad rush across the country with teams and on horseback, the raising of tents in the just selected city of Guthrie, and the gradual growth from day to day, formed a series of striking pictures. These were photographed and described by Mr. Charles Bond Wilkes for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and the work appears in the September number.

UNCLE SAM'S WHITEWASH.

The Mixture Used to Shine Up the Light-Houses on the Coast.

Excursionists who travel along the seacoast in summer are often attracted by the remarkable whiteness of the light-houses, beacons and keepers' dwellings, and they wonder how these guides to the mariner are kept in such a shining condition during the winter as well as summer. The material used is simply whitewash, and here is the United States government formula for mixing a whitewash that when properly made and applied gives a white that does not come off on the hands:

"To ten parts of freshly-slacked lime add one part of the best hydraulic cement. Mix well with salt water and apply quite thin."

Sylvester's process for excluding moisture from external walls consists in using two washes or solutions for covering the surface of brick walls, one composed of soap and water and the other of alum and water. The proportions are three-quarters of a pound of soap to one gallon of water and half a pound of alum to four gallons of water. Both substances must be perfectly dissolved in water before using. The walls should be perfectly clean and dry, and the temperature of the air should not be below 50 degrees Fahrenheit when the compositions are applied. The first, or soap wash, should be laid on when at boiling heat with a flat brush, taking care not to form a froth on the brick-work. This wash should remain 24 hours, so as to become dry and hard before the second, or alum wash, is applied, which should be done in the same manner as the first.

The temperature of this wash when applied may be sixty degrees or seventy degrees, and it should also remain twenty-four hours before a second coat of the soap-wash is put on, and these coats are to be put on alternately, until the walls are made impervious to water. The alum and soap thus combined forms an insoluble compound, filling the pores of the masonry, and entirely preventing the water from penetrating the walls. Four coatings will render bricks impenetrable. —*N. Y. Sun.*

A Touch of Human Nature.

The first lawyer who came to Maine after the Revolutionary war was David Davis, who moved from Massachusetts to Falmouth in 1782. Davis and Judge Thatcher, the famous Maine jurist, Congressman and wit, were neighbors' boys on Cape Cod. The day after the battle of Bunker Hill they set out for home from Boston together. Seeing a horse in a pasture by the roadside, they both mounted his back and rode home. Years afterward, when Davis as Solicitor General was prosecuting a horse thief before Thacher as Judge of the Common Pleas for Kennebec county, the Judge looked up with a twinkling eye and remarked: "Davy, this reminds me of the battle of Bunker Hill!"—*Lewiston Journal.*

The Man He Wanted.

Policeman (sternly)—"What are you doing on the street at this hour of the night?"

Prowler (joyfully)—"By George, you're exactly the man I want to see. I'm trying to find a saloon."—*Chicago Tribune.*

CHILDREN'S ROUND TABLE.

Some of the Cute Things Uttered by Our Home Darlings.

A lady friend of THE BLADE, in Kansas, sends us the following contributions to this column:

A MODEST REQUEST.

Little Georgie, aged 3, and his mamma, board at the hotel, and Georgie is often admonished to be very quiet and give his elders no trouble or annoyance. One warm day in July he found his way into the dining-room, and demurely walking up to one of the girls employed there, he stood, with downcast eyes, and said in a low voice: "If you would give me a drink I wouldn't be thirsty."

SHE REMAINED.

Little Willa paused in her play to watch the mother of her little playfellow put the newly baked bread away. Turning her pretty head from side to side, she said: "I am going home, auntie."

"Why do you want to go home?" was asked her.

"Oh, I don't want to go; I am just going because I am hungry."

Inducements were offered, and she prolonged her visit.

A GENTLE HINT.

Little Carl called on a neighbor, and after inquiring into the health of the family, he asked: "How are your grapes getting along?"

"They are doing well. Some of them are beginning to ripen," replied the lady.

"Well, my mamma said I musn't ask for any, but if you offered me some I might take them."

Of course they were offered.

A COMPASSIONATE TOT.

Little Blanche, not yet three years old, lingered at the dinner table after the grown people had repaired to the sitting room. The maid of all work came in to her dinner, and, in reaching for the bread exposed her red, toilworn hand to Blanche's view. The little head bent forward, and a look of commiseration filled her eyes, as she solemnly and slowly said: "Oh, you poor soul, you! your hands are as black!"

INVITING SYMPATHY.

A little fellow, between two and three years old, was punished for some misdeed when his papa was at his work. After crying savagely for a few moments, he ran to the window, and looking through his tears into the street, called out: "Papa, papa, come in and see the baby cry!"

THE "DOCKER" LOST.

At another time this little one was imitating the rheumatic old doctor who brought him through the scarlet fever. Toddling up to his mamma he would show her his little pink tongue, give her some imaginary medicine and limp away, leaning on the poker for a cane. His place of retreat was in the folds of a long curtain suspended in the room. His usual visit was considerably prolonged, and mamma had concluded that the little "docker," as he called himself, had found some other amusement, when her attention was called to the curtain by a plaintive little voice sobbing out: "Mamma, mamma, where's the docker?" He had lost his way out of the folds of the curtain, and concluded it must be the "docker" that was lost.

SOMEWHAT SARCASTIC.

N. Y. World.

Willie's mother was busy sewing when he entered the room and hid himself without being noticed. His four-year-old brother came softly into the room and said: "Mamma, did 'oo see Vivvy?"

"No, dear."

"Oo hear nobody go pit-a-pat, pit-pat?"

"No."

He toddled into the next room, when with a rush Master Will was gone, and then the searcher announced, with quivering lip, to his mother: "I dess 'oo ears is sleepy."

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

N. Y. World.

The following is a conversation between little 5-year-old Willie and his mother, after having dined at a friend's the day before:

"Mamma, when Mrs. Baker asked us to take dinner with her, papa walked right in."

"Why, yes, my dear; why should he not? What would you do?"

"Oh, I would say: 'No, thank you, Mrs. Baker, we had our dinner at home,' and then let her suade (persuade) us."

SYMPATHY IN AFFLICTION.

N. Y. World.

A little boy of 3 years, whose mother played the organ in the church, and who was oblidged to be left to the care of others, was asked one Sunday morning what his kitten was crying so piteously for. "I don't know," said he, in tearful tones, "but I 'spect the old cat has gone to church."

DOT'S THEORY.

New York World.

It was little Dot's first visit to a farm and she went with her aunt to see how the pigs were fed. The little one gazed in astonishment at the young porkers for a moment, and then placing her hand on her curly hair said, reflectively:

"Auntie!"

"Yes, dear."

"Does 'oo put all the piggies' tails up in curl-papers?"

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

New York World.

My brother, who is but four years old, on his mother's return home after a long absence, was asked why he did not ask God to take care of his mother as he had been doing ever since her departure. "Oh," replied the rejoicing little tot, "we can do it ourselves now that she is with us again."

MIXED GRAMMAR.

London Society.

At a village school not many miles from Canterbury a precocious boy, being asked to parse the sentence, "Mary, milk the cow," went on accurately till he came to the last word, when he said, "Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person singular and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary!" asks the master in astonishment. "Yes, sir," responded the urchin with a grin, "for, if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk the cow?"

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Boston Budget.

The case of a little visitor to the country, who rather missed the conveniences of the city, is cited as showing that the season's outing is not always considered an unmixed blessing by those enjoying the same. This little one had taken her first walk on the country road with her mother, and on her return to the hotel, being asked how she liked the place, said very decidedly, "Don't like it, 'cause there's no hoss cars. I like ridin' in hoss cars better'n walkin'."

BOBBY SEES THE OPENING.

Binghamton Republican.

Bobby—Mamma, will you give me five cents if I am good all to-day?

Mother—But don't you think it would be nicer to be good of your own accord?

Bobby—I guess not, because the teacher said it was better to be good for even a little than to be good for nothing.

COMPENSATION.

Little Boy—Our cook has gone away and I'm awful glad. Now mamma will have to make the cake, and mamma's cake is always heavy. Guest—Well, I declare! Do you prefer heavy cake? Little Boy—Yes'm. You get more chewin' in one piece.—*Troy Times.*

A Proposed Substitute for India Rubber.

A substitute for rubber to be known as "kelgum" has been invented by Henry Kellogg, of New Haven. It is produced from vegetable oils, which are treated so as to remove all the unctious matter, leaving a residuum of a gummy character, very much resembling india rubber gum, though not possessing so much of the elastic quality. As kelgum is a product of oil, it is unaffected by oil. As it does not retain any unctious matters, it possesses an advantage over rubber. Neither is it affected chemically or changed by the action of heat or light. It can be vulcanized exactly as rubber is, except that it is not necessary to use sulphur. Another peculiarity of the substance is that it increases in weight instead of diminishing, as is the case with rubber. It is more durable than rubber under many conditions, as when exposed to light and heat, and also in many cases where rubber is injured by heat kelgum is not.—*American Analyst.*

Trouble in the Kitchen.

Bridget—Please mum th' fish ain't fresh. Mistress—What kind of fish is it? "Its salt fish, mum."—*Time.*

THE RATTLESNAKE.

The Ways of the Formidable Reptile and His Methods of Attacks.

From a profusely illustrated article by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, on "The Poison of Serpents," in the August *Century*, we quote the following: "Let us observe what happens when the rattlesnake means mischief. He throws himself into a spiral, and about one-third of his length, carrying the head, rises from the coil and stands upright. The attitude is fine and warlike, and artists who attempt to portray it always fail. He does not pursue, he waits. Little animals he scorns unless he is hungry, so that the mouse or the toad he leaves for days unnoticed in his cage. Larger or noisy creatures alarm him. Then his head and neck are thrown far back, his mouth is opened very wide, the fang held firmly erect, and with an abrupt swiftness, for which his ordinary motions parepare one but little, he strikes once and is back on guard again, vigilant and brave. The blow is a stab, and is given by throwing the head forward while the half-coils below it are straightened out to lengthen the neck and give power to the motions which drive the fangs into the opponent's flesh; as they enter, the temporal muscle closes the lower jaw on the part struck, and thus forces the sharp fang deeper in. It is a thrust aided by a bite. At this moment the poison duct is opened by the relaxation of the muscle which surrounds it, and the same muscle which shuts the jaw squeezes the gland, and drives its venom through the duct and hollow fang into the bitten part.

"In so complicated a series of acts there is often failure. The tooth strikes on tough skin and doubles back or fails to enter, or the serpent misjudges distance and fails short and may squirt the venom four or five feet in the air, doing no harm. I had a curious experience of this kind in which a snake 8 feet 6 inches long threw a teaspoonful or more of poison athwart my forehead. It missed my eyes by an inch or two. I have had many narrow escapes, but this was the grimmest of all. An inch lower would have cost me my sight and probably my life.

"A snake will turn and strike from any posture, but the coil is the attitude always assumed when possible. The coil acts as an anchor and enables the animal to shake its fangs loose from the wound. A snake can rarely strike beyond half his length. If both fangs enter, the hurt is doubly dangerous, because the dose of venom is doubled. At times a fang is left in the flesh, but this does not trouble the serpent's powers as a poisoner, since numberless teeth lie ready to become firmly fixed in its place, and both fangs are never lost together. The nervous mechanism which controls the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if we cut off a snake's head and then pinch its tail, the stump of the neck returns and with some accuracy hits the hand of the experimenter—if he has the nerve to hold on. Few men have. I have not. A little Irishman who took care of my laboratory astonished me by coolly sustaining this test. He did it by closely shutting his eyes and not for a moment the too suggestive view of the returning stump. Snakes have always seemed to me averse to striking, and they have been on the whole much maligned.

"Any cool, quiet person, moving slowly and steadily, may pick up and handle gently most venomous serpents. I fancy, however, that the wary copperheads are uncertain pets. Mr. Thompson, the snake keeper at the Philadelphia Zoological, handles his serpents with impunity; but one day having dropped some little moccasins, a few days old, down his sleeve while he carried their mamma in his hand, one of the babies bit him and made an ugly wound. At present the snake staff is used to handle snakes.

"I saw one October, in Algiers, what I had long desired to observe—a snake charmer. Most of his snakes were harmless: but he refused, with well-acted horror, to permit me to take hold of them. He had also two large brown vipers; these he handled with ease, but I saw plainly that they were kept exhausted of their venom by having been daily teased into biting on a bundle of rags tied to a stick. They were too tired to be dangerous. I have often seen snakes in this state. After three or four fruitless acts of instinctive use of their venom they give up, and seem to become indifferent to approaches, and even to rough handling."

JOHN BROWN'S IRONS.

The Veritable Shackles He Wore in Charlestown Jail.

Auburn Gazette.

James N. Atwood of Livermore Centre has in his possession the veritable "leg irons" worn by John Brown during his imprisonment previous to being hanged at Harper's Ferry.

H. Atwood, jr., (Company I, First Maine Volunteers), was at the jail shortly after John Brown's death. The officers in charge of the buildings vouched for the identity of the irons at the time, and Mr. Atwood was thoroughly satisfied with the proof. He also formed the acquaintance of the old negro and his wife who had the care of the cell where Brown was confined.

On the day of the execution the old man, being afraid that he should forget which pair of irons it was, tore a strip from the quilt on John Brown's cot and tied it into the key of the shackles, but the old negress, his wife, said: "Law! I didn't forgit nuffin, for it was de only pair of irons in de whole jail where de key turn de wrong way." (It was a left-handed key.)

Untying the dirty strip of calico from the key, Mr. Atwood went down to Brown's cell and found the torn place in the quilt, the figure of the cloth matching perfectly.

Mr. Atwood tried to buy the shackles from the authorities, but they good-naturedly told him they "Had no right to sell;" then he made this proposition: "If those irons should disappear and a new pair be found hanging in their place would there be any investigation?" They answered him, "Probably not."

He then paid $8 for a new pair and made the transfer on his own responsibility.

The shackles were sent home. For a few years previous to the death of H. Atwood, jr., the shackles were on exhibition in the museum in connection with the Boothbay Custom-house.

Mr. Atwood, after returning from his service in the war, entered the Free Will Baptist ministry. He was a brother to James N. Atwood, who now has these shackles in his possession. The present proprietor prizes them very highly, and says they are not for sale, being almost the only souvenir he has of his departed brother.

The Next Total Eclipse.

This is a good year for eclipses of the sun. There was a total one on January 1, visible in this part of the world; there was an annular eclipse June 28, visible in South Africa and in the Indian Ocean; and there will be another total one on December 22, visible in part of South America and most of Africa. The best places for observation are near the west coast of Africa, and a party is going, by direction of the Navy department of the United States, to St. Paul de Loanda. That city is not exactly on the central line, so that the party will have to go southeastward into the interior about 100 miles to a town called Muxima. This is about ten degrees south of the equator, and about 250 miles south of the mouth of the Congo. The appliances for viewing eclipses are not plentiful on that part of the world, and therefore the party will have to take along all the instruments and everything else that is necessary from this country. The facilities for transportation are not good, either. There are no railways, and it is doubtful whether the party can proceed as far as Muxima by boat. It may be, therefore, that the 40-foot telescope, which is to be used, will have to be transported overland on the backs of animals.

The Children Were Experimenting.

It was related by a good Confederate soldier that on his return from Virginia, in 1865, he brought a biscuit with him which some one had given him on his way. When he arrived at home he gave the children the biscuit and sent them to play while he talked to their mother. Pretty soon he wanted to see the children again and, going to the door, was surprised to see them putting live coals of fire on it.

"What on earth do you mean, boys?" said he.

"Oh, pa, we are going to make the darned thing poke its head out.—*Valdosta (Ga.) Times.*

USE
St. Jacobs Oil.
FOR
PAIN.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

DR. R. C. FLOWER,

ASTONISHING CURES IN HIS HEALTH PALACE.

Dr. Flower's Wonderful Power of Diagnosing Disease.

The Boston correspondent of the Hartford, Conn., *Times* says: I visited Boston a few days since, and while there stopped at Hotel Flower, it being by all odds the most comfortable as well as superb hotel in the Hub. Indeed, this great Health Palace is one of the features of Boston, being the most magnificent and palatial home for invalids in the world.

It has already become a resort for many of the most eminent citizens in both public and private life. The cures that are being performed are in many cases of a most startling nature. Not more so, however, than is Dr. Flower's marvelous power of diagnosing disease; a power which enables him to instantly detect the most obscure disease, to describe the progress of the trouble, the attending symptoms, and the remote causes that led to the sickness, as no other physician has yet been able to do. The possession of this wonderful gift, coupled with the vast amount of scientific information acquired after years of profound study, has placed him in the front ranks of the great physicians of the nineteenth century. The superior skill of Dr. Flower's treatment is evinced by the kind and character of his patients, who come to him from all parts of the Union, and are enthusiastic beyond measure when speaking of Dr. Flower. "He is," said Ex-Governor R. M. Bishop, of Cincinnati, who has been spending a few weeks at Dr. Flower's Health Palace, "the most wonderful physician in the world, and his treatment is making me feel like a new man." Hon. C. C. Sweeney, who for the past four years has been collector of the Port at Galveston, and who has also been at Hotel Flower for the past few weeks taking treatment, said: I am feeling better every day under the treatment of Dr. Flower. He has done for my wife what no other physician seemed to think possible, substantially overcome chronic troubles that have given her suffering for thirty-three years, and rendered her life miserable. Yes, she is with me, and though business will compel me to return to Galveston in a few days, Mrs. Sweeney will remain at this magnificent Health Palace for some months." An ex-governor of one of the northwestern states, who with his wife has been under Dr. Flower's professional care for some time, declared that the treatment had done them so much good, and the Palace was so delightful and homelike, they proposed to make it their home for several months to come. These are a few examples of the general praise heard on every side from his patients.

DR. FLOWER TO VISIT THE WEST.

The Doctor has just completed arrangements which will enable him to visit the following points on the dates given below: Milwaukee, Wis., The Plankinton House, Sept. 4 and 5; Toledo, O., Burnett House, Sept. 6; Cleveland, O., Stillman House, Sept. 7. This will afford his many friends and patients the opportunity of seeing him near their own homes, without the time and expense incident to a trip to Boston.

A HUDSON RIVER INCIDENT.

Why the Clerk of the Boat Didn't Bounce Old Sam Hammond.

"You do not remember old Sam Hammond, of Hudson, who built the steamboat Legislator, which ran between Hudson and New York 45 years ago?" said an old resident to a Kingston, N. Y., *Argus* reporter. "Oh, no! you had not seen the peep of day then. But I will tell you an amusing story connected with old Sam and his boat. Hammond was a wealthy man for his time, liberal with his money, but indifferent and careless with his dress. His appearance was slovenly, while the knot of his necktie generally rested above his shoulders.

"Old Sam thought he would take a trip to New York upon his boat, and when the gong sounded for supper the old man found his way to the table and took a seat at the side of a finely-dressed lady. The clerk of the boat, only employed the day previous and never having heard of its owner, espied Hammond and immediately made for him. 'Say, old man,' he said, 'you will have to get up and eat at the next table.' Hammond was a little deaf, and either did not hear him or pretended not to, and kept on munching his food. The clerk rushed to the captain and asked permission to 'yank a dirty-looking old top from the supper table.'

"The Captain came into the cabin and gave one glance at the offender. 'Good Heavens, young man,' he whispered, 'do you know who that is?' 'No,' replied the affrightened clerk. 'That is old Sam Hammond,' answered the Captain, 'who owns twenty-nine buildings in the city of Hudson, and owns this boat.'

"The paralyzed clerk was speechless for a time. Finally he said, 'Cap, lend me two dollars, and let me off at the next landing.'"

WHEN WOMEN SHOULD MARRY.

A Medical Authority Discusses a Well-Worn Topic.

Probably the best time for the average woman to marry would be any age between 24 and 36. It is not said that no woman should marry earlier or later than either of these ages; but youth and health and vigor are ordinarily at their highest perfection between these two periods. Early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many reasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble, and the character is unformed. The consideration which would prompt a girl to marry at 17 would, in many cases, have little weight with her at 24. At 17 she is child, at 24 a woman.

Where a girl has intelligent parents, the seven year between seventeen and twenty-four are a period when mind and body are most amenable to wise discipline, and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development. Before seventeen few girls have learned to understand what life is, what discipline is, what duty is. They cannot value what is best either in the father's wisdom or in the mother's experience. When married at that childish period they are like young recruits taken fresh from the farm and the workshop and hurried off to a long campaign without any period of preliminary drill and training, or like a school boy removed from school to a curacy without being sent to the university or to a theological hall.

Who can help grieving over a child-wife, especially if she have children and a husband who is an experienced and possibly exacting boy-man? The ardor of his love soon cools; the visionary bliss of her poetical imagination vanishes like the summer mist; there is nothing left but disappointment and wonder that what promised to be so beautiful and long a day should be clouded almost before sunrise.

Two of a Kind.

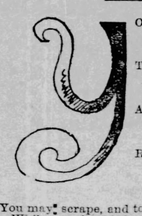
A bright little girl was taken by her father out into the country to visit an uncle whom she called Walsh. As the two drove along the country road the little one spied a scarecrow in a field, and exclaimed: "Oh, papa, there's Uncle Walsh." Papa laughed hugely at the joke, but told her that it was taken; that what she saw was only a scare-crow. A little farther along, and Uncle Walsh's farm was reached, and way out in the field was Uncle Walsh at work. The little girl's eyes were the first to catch sight of him, but she wasn't to be fooled so easily this time. "Oh, papa," she cried, "look at that scarecrow!" Papa did look, and has not got through laughing yet.—*Buffalo Express.*

The Longest Distance by Telephone.

A remarkable instance of telephonic communication occurred in Charleston, S. C., recently. A young man employed in the Western Union telegraph office in that city conversed without any difficulty with his brother, who was in Omaha, 1,500 miles away. The brothers talked an hour, with hardly any pause between questions. This is about the best telephone story on record, and it is abundantly vouched for.

—The itching of the scalp, falling of the hair resulting in baldness, are often caused by dandruff, which may be cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE SETTLING UP IS CERTAIN.



You may take the world as it comes and goes,
And you will be sure to find
That she will square the account she owes
Whoever comes out behind.
And all things bad that a man has done,
By whatsoever induced,
Return at last to him, one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape, and toil, and pinch and save,
While your hoarded wealth expands,
Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave
Is nearing your life's last sands;
You will have your balances struck some night,
And you'll find your hoard reduced.
You'll view your life in another light
When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart
With the husks of a barren creed,
But Christ will know if you play a part,
Will know in your hour of need;
And then as you wait for death to come,
What hope can there be deduced
From a creed? You will lie there dumb
While your chickens come home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and the bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell.
And every wrong will find its place,
And every passion loosed
Drift back and meet you face to face
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod,
The result will be the same;
You cannot escape the hands of God;
You must bear your sin or shame.
No matter what's carved on the marble slab,
When the items are all produced
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping tab,
And that chickens come home to roost.

WHAT THE NOSE TELLS.

Its Shape as a Revealer of Character—Perfect Noses Rare.

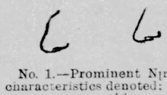
Pall Mall Gazette.

Of all the features of the human face, the nasal organ being the most prominent, stands supreme as a revealer of character. Its form gives the greatest expression and individuality to the facial lineaments, and even the voice is affected and toned by this important member. The individual whom nature has blessed with a really well-formed and perfect nose should indeed be grateful, as on an average barely two per cent of the ordinary population can claim to possess a perfectly shaped nasal organ. Anatomically considered, as every one should know, the nose is composed of bone and cartilage, and besides being the special organ for the sense of smell, it has other important functions. It is especially concerned in respiration and the voice, and the "muscles being closely connected with those of the face, it naturally affects it in the expression of the different passions and feelings of the mind."

Although the subject is not new, from close observation and careful notes recorded, extending over a considerable time, I have been led to conclude that the form and shape of the nose, properly considered, give a decided key to the leading characteristics of the individual. To reduce the study to something like a system, and to assist the observation of form and shape, I divide the most delicate organ into three principal divisions, taking the nasal bone as a standard, as it most markedly and materially affects the feature.

PRIMARY DIVISION.

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.



No. 1.—Prominent NjralaBone—Genelli-characteristics denoted: a Fsirmness, intelligence, trus worthiness.

No. 2.—Normal Nasal Bone—General characteristics denoted: Generosity, shrewdness, courage, generally temperate.

No. 3.—Receding Nasal Bone—General characteristics denoted: Obstinacy, irritability, pugnacious.

Each of these divisions has innumerable varieties and modifications, but to simplify we will divide each into four subdivisions, which will still further help to reveal the personal character of the individual:

SUBDIVISIONS OF NO. 1.

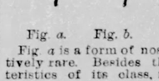


Fig. *a*. Fig. *b*. Fig. *c*. Fig. *d*.

Fig. *a* is a form of nose that is comparatively rare. Besides the general characteristics of its class, it is usually accompanied by high intellectual power, great personal influence, discrimination and penetration, undaunted courage, even temper, and often associated with a fine, sonorous voice.

Fig. *b* Reveals an avaricious, but often passionate temperament, selfishness, determination, sometimes unscrupulous, frequently astute and grasping.

Fig. *c* Betrays a jealous and discontented temperament, uncertain, sometimes firm and exacting, with decision of character, often intellectual. As a rule, associated with a high-pitched voice.

Fig. *d*. As a rule warm and affectionate disposition, good natured and even tempered; sometimes impulsive, but true. With women this nose is often allied with personal beauty and a low-pitched voice.

SUBDIVISIONS OF NO. 2.

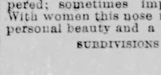


Fig. *a*. Fig. *b*. Fig. *c*. Fig. *d*.

Fig. *a*. Is a well-formed nose, betokens intelligence, firm moral character, even temper, temperate in most things, and as rule, true and honest.

Fig. *b*. Shrewd nature and cold temperament, usually clever, sharp business men, and generally successful.

Fig. *c*. Although not very symmetrical in shape, this nose usually accompanies a generous and honest nature, rather sensual, but good tempered, an easy disposition, often intelligent, and good people to get on with. Courageous and true.

Fig. *d*. Modifications of this type are very numerous, particularly among the feminine sex. They vary from the delicate retrousse to the unmistakable "tip-tilted." Generally accompany a bright and lively disposition and fair temper. With men they are usually associated with a sharp, jerky manner, and a high-pitched voice.

SUBDIVISIONS OF NO. 3.

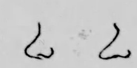


Fig. A. Fig. B. Fig. C.

Fig. A. Is an unmistakable type, and generally foretells an obstinate and bigoted person, uncertain and domineering temper, false, and often accompanied with a harsh voice.

Fig. B. Querulous and irritable disposition, quick temper, nervous, and nagging, fond of prying into other people's business, and almost invariably associated with a shrill voice.

Fig. C. Generally singular and eccentric people, often gifted, and true. Frequently humorous and clever. Then there is the great class of nondescript noses; many not having well defined shape, do not express much character, but the great majority will be found to be modifications, or varied forms, of the main divisions mentioned.

Any one may prove the truth of the science of "Nosology" by comparing the types illustrated with those of their friends whose personal character is well known to them, and noting the form of the nasal organ of public men and prominent personages. There is no better place for a careful study and close observation of the vast variety of form and shape the nose assumes than a crowded concert hall, church, or other place where people most do congregate; but sufficient may be gathered from these few rough notes to show that the subject is worth the attention of all students of human nature.

C. L. S. THOMPSON, F. S. S.

Their Natural Politeness.

Two men were riding through a lane. "See," said one of them, pointing to an old negro who, upon seeing them, had taken off his hat, "those down-trodden people never forget their politeness. Nothing could induce that old man to keep his hat on in our presence."

The old negro (having concealed his hat under his coat) bowed and said:

"Gemermen, kain't you gib de ole man 50 cents ter buy er hat wid? Lost my hat er munt ago an' ain't had money nuff ter buy er nudder. Gib me de money an' de Lawd ain't gwine ter furgit you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

A REMINISCENCE.

The Clean Soldier and the Festive Grayback—A Relic of the Past.

HE WAS a "dandy." Oh! he was a clean one. His early training had made him so. How could he help it? The dear mother and sisters who had brought him up were "pinks" of cleanliness. Not a speck of dirt, not an insect remained more than a minute in that house after the sharp eyes of the vigilant hunters had found it.

No, indeed! But there came a day in the spring time of 1861, when John Smith wanted to enlist and be a soldier. The name sounds familiar—you may have heard it before. They were patriotic women, the mother and sisters, and so they prayed and wept over the boy. And just before he passed out of the gate to join the others, the sad mother held him a moment and whispered a parting admonition to him of cleanliness.

Come with me to the brookside near a camp in Georgia, two years after this parting scene. On the bank a soldier has built a fire. He hangs a kettle of water over it. He pulls off his shirt and gives it a shake, and holding it out at arm's length, goes for it with a switch, as you would whip the dust out of a carpet. He seems at last to be satisfied with the switching process, and dresses it low in the kettle of boiling water. The shirt is boiled one hour, is taken out and rubbed, and pounded, and rinsed, and then pounded some more and rinsed again, and hung up on the limb of a weeping willow to dry. This weary laundryman, comrades, is John Smith, the very clean boy who had proudly went his way rejoicing to the war, two years before. Well, when the shirt is dry he puts it on, and walks back slowly to the camp, thinking about the dear old home—and reading the letter that came to him just before the battle. Four times in that letter, Sister Sue tells him to "keep clean," and "don't let insects get into your clothes." At the bottom is a postscript signed by mother, and sisters Jane and Rebecca, urging him by all means to watch out for the little pests that Jack Stiver wrote about, calling them "graybacks." Just then he feels something crawl over his shulder and down over his arm to the elbow, where it seems to stop. Quick as a flash, with an angry clutch, he seizes his shirt sleeve and gives it a twist. Then he lets go to come again with a blow of the open hand. He must have hit the animal, he thinks. There is no sign of life. John renews his walk. But surely there is something skipping on and now and then a hopping, as of something making very lively motions on his back. He seeks seclusion. The shirt comes off again. Leaning his bare back against a tree, with his legs crossed like a Turk, the garment spread out on his knees, he is trying to compose his feelings. He is preparing for an active campaign; an energetic, an exhaustive campaign against a tireless foe. Who will come out best? Remember, the little fellow that John Smith is after, is a "good all-around player," and John is not a good "catcher." Don't it take a poor "catcher" against a fielder, baseman, batter and pitcher all in one in the Grayback club. You will surely loose your bet. Back and forth, up one seam and down another, over all the surface, under the collar, and beneath the buttons, with nimble fingers and sharply piercing eyes, John Smith will feel and look in a vain search, until the fast declining sun gives dim light, and he is forced to abandon the field and go into camp, with the enemy still in possession of the works.

Among the beautiful and fertile fields of Ohio stands a farm-house, old and gray. A mother and sisters gather about the old-fashioned "fire-place" and talk low and lovingly of their absent soldier boy. Of course he is clean; not a speck of dirt, not an insect will he have on him, or in his clothes. Jack Silver can write all he wants to about the graybacks insects being hard to get rid of. The doting mother tells the girls there is no use of worrying about John. "He always was so particular, you know." He is a good boy, as well as brave. Never a word in his letters home. Don't he know that truth suppressed is sometimes golden? Why should he worry the loving ones at home.

Sherman's army is marching through Georgia. The "White Star" division, 20th corps, leads the center column. It is being waited for by brave fighters of the enemy in ambush. Suddenly from behind the harmless looking bushes and logs on the rising ground at the sides of the road, an engulfing wave of death sweeps down upon the marching men who wear the blue. Confusion reigns for a moment only, and then there is a fierce, heroic fight. But many brave and noble men are slain. They are buried where they fell, beneath the majestic trees of the Georgia forest. John Smith is lying there. Men of his company saw him fall, just as he sprang between a messmate and the glittering point of a foeman's bayonet. Brave, unselfish, noble—and that was the second time.

His grave is unmarked, but not undecorated. When Memorial day from year to year is calling patriots together to strew the soldiers' graves on earth, in heaven an angel will blow the "Assembly Call." And then, from the right and left, and the front and the rear of God's throne, a host will sudden appear, winged for a journey earthward, and carrying flowers that grew in sacred soil.

The pearly "gates ajar," will onward swing,
As they march exultantly and sing,
Glad songs of love to the brave and the true
Who fought like heroes for me and you.

And the most beautiful of all the flowers will grow on the unmarked graves under the Southern sun; and nobody will know who placed in the ground the prolific seeds.

In the farm house old and gray, on the 30th day of May, around an old splint-bottomed chair, the mother and the sisters of John Smith are sitting. It was his chair. He used to sit in it at the table, in the orchard behind the house, on the porch, everywhere, that he might happen to need a chair. They had come fully to realize that on this day, it was not their sweet privilege and pleasant duty to strew floral tributes on his grave. And so—as their hearts might break for lack of some place, or some thing, to decorate—they had brought the old splint-bottomed chair from the garret. They brush the dust away, and place it against the wall at the hearth-side, where so often he sat and read to them by

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Joining the Regular Army.

A. B. E., Fremont, N. C., sends one of a number of requests for information about joining the regular army. We are convinced, upon inquiry, that a large portion of these inquiries are made under an utterly mistaken idea of the life. The land is full of old soldiers of the civil war, and the tales they tell of army life fire the minds of young men with the idea that they would like it. They do not understand that the life of a soldier in the regular army, in times of peace like the present, is a good deal worse than that of a servant. It is no more like life in the volunteer armies during the war than winter is like summer. Such young men enlist, and when they find what the life really is, they desert rather than endure it. This explains the immense number of desertions. They find that being in the army is worse than doing time in the penitentiary. Men who are fortunate enough to be assigned to duty in the East and South fare better because the opportunities for desertion are greater and the officers are forced to accord them tolerably decent treatment. The condition and treatment of these soldiers in the West is deplorable. It is said that the army is recruited from a worthless set. As a rule this is true, for generally none save the poorest specimen will enlist; but occasionally men of some education, men who have in them the making of good citizens, are misled into joining the army. These are the ones who suffer the most hardships. They are servants for the officers and their families, required to do all kinds of menial work. An old regular army officer says:

"In my experience I have found that most of the men who enlist are reduced to that condition of poverty that they are glad to get any chance to procure something to eat and clothes to wear. I think most of them enlist with a determination to serve their time, and perhaps to be soldiers for life, but they very soon find out that the life is not what they thought it was, and the consequence is they want to desert. That the great majority of enlisted men are dissatisfied is proved by the fact that less than one in ten re-enlists after his first term of service. Our best soldiers are foreigners who come here from the military countries of the Old World with the true soldierly instinct. They enter the service from an inborn love for it, and they generally stay in it all their lives."

In view of the above state of facts, THE BLADE advises every young man to go to college than be a slave, to stay out of the regular army; and we will answer no further questions on the subject.

The French Revolutionary Calendar.

D. C. M., Fostoria, O.: During the French revolution, a century ago, an effort was made to change everything that savored of the past, including the calendar, and the hours of the day. The French convention decreed, Nov. 24, 1793, that the Christian era should be abolished, and a new French era introduced, dating from the foundation of the republic, which was assumed to be on Sept. 22, 1792. The new era was first used on Nov. 26, 1793; it remained so away with Dec. 31, 1805. The republican year had twelve months of 30 days each; at the end of the twelfth month were five intercalary days to complete the year; these were officially known as jours complementaires, but unofficially as Sansculottides. Every fourth year was a leap year, and a sixth jour complementaire was inserted. These Sansculottides were days of festivity, the first dedicated to virtue, the second to genius, the third to labor, the fourth to opinion, the fifth to rewards. The sixth, which completed a Franciade (the idea is derived from a Greek Olympiads), was the jour de la Revolution, and was celebrated on the 10th "live free or to die!" was to be renewed. The months were divided into three decadi, instead of weeks, and the days were primidi avant le premier decadi, septidi apres le premier decadi, quintidi apres le second decadi, etc. The months were: Sept. 22 to Oct. 21, Vendemiaire (vintance); to Nov. 20, Brumaire (foggy); to Dec. 20, Frimaire (sleety), autumn; to Jan. 19, Nivose (snowy); to March 20, Pluviose (rainy); to March 20, Ventose (windy), winter; to April 19, Germinal (budding); to May 19, Floreal (flowery); to June 18, Prairial (pasture, spring); to July 18, Messidor (harvest); to Aug. 17, Thermidor (heat); to Sept. 16, Fructidor (fruit), summer. A catch on the names of these months runs somewhat as follows: Breezy, sneezy, freezy; snowy, thawy, blowy; showery, flowery, bowery; wintery, hearty, weedy. For example, the "ninth Thermidor" was Aug 27, "twelfth Vendemiaire" was Oct. 3, and "eighteenth Fructidor" was Sept. 4.

South Carolina's "Eight-Box" Voting Law.

A. M. E., Manhattan, Kan.: The election law of South Carolina provides for a separate ballot box for each candidate upon the ticket. The different ballot-boxes are labeled with the names of the officers who are to be voted for, and unless the ballot is put in the proper box it is not counted. A vote which is not cast is not likely to hit the right box, as there are several of these boxes at each different state polling place. This is an indirect imposition or an educational qualification. If distinction there be it is not on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, but on account of wilful ignorance. The public schools of the state afford to every voter the opportunity to learn to read. He will have to study very hard to escape the penalty. The purpose was to confine the voting, as far as practicable, to the more intelligent class in the community. At the state polls the state and county officers and members of the legislature are voted for. The Presidential electors and Congressmen are voted for at separate and distinct polling-place, and the illiterate voter is no difficulty on that score. Even when the Presidential electors and members of Congress are voted for, there are but two ballot-boxes at the Federal precincts, and as the managers are required to read to the voter the names upon the ballot-boxes, no insuperable obstacle to his voting right. But the eight box law, though it has served its purpose well, is an evasion after all. It would be far better to meet the difficulty squarely at once and amend the constitution of the state so as to impose an educational qualification upon the voters. It is beneath the dignity of the state to admit that there is no statesmanship in South Carolina to face the consequences of ignorant suffrage and overcome them without political trick or subterfuge.

Lucrezia Borgia.

W. W., Pleasantville, O.: The phrase, "a regular Borgia," refers to Lucrezia Borgia, whose life is made the theme of the famous opera of that name, by Donizetti. The story of the opera is as follows: Lucrezia Borgia, daughter of Pope Alexander VI. was thrice married, her last husband being Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara. Before her marriage to the Duke she had a natural son named Gennaro, who was brought up by a Neapolitan fish-woman. When arrived at man's estate he received a letter informing him that he was nobly born and offering him a commission in the army. In the battle of Rimini he saved the life of Orsini and they became sworn friends. In Venice he is introduced to the young nobles who tell him of the ill deeds of Lucrezia Borgia. Each of them has had some relative put to death by her agency. Gennaro, in his indignation, mutilates the duke's escutcheon with his dagger, knocking off the "B" of his name and changing Borgia to Orgia (orgies). Lucrezia, not knowing who has offered the insult, requests the duke to challenge the youth to fight to death, but when she discovers it to be her own son gives him an antidote to neutralize the poi on he has drank and releases him from his confinement. Scarcely is he liberated when he and his companions are invited by the Princess Negroni to a banquet, where they are all poisoned. Lucrezia tells Gennaro he is her son, and dies herself as soon as her son expires.

When the New States Will Come In.

W. W., Findlay, O.: The conventions in North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington, have drawn or will draw up constitutions, which are to be submitted to the voters of each next October. If ratified then by the people, then the President will issue a proclamation, formally admitting them to the Union, and the number of states will be increased to forty-two from now on. Utah will be admitted since the admission of Colorado. The enabling act, or Omnibus bill, as it was called, provides that the constitutions be submitted to the voters of the people on the first Tuesday in October, and the next Representatives in the Forty-first Congress, together with the Governors and other officers provided for in said constitution may be elected on the same day, October 1, of the election of the ratification or rejection of the constitutions. Candidates for Congress as well as state officers will be nominated in all the territories in conventions to be held about September 1. They will be voted for at the general elections provided for in the act on the first Tuesday in October. The returns of this election are to be canvassed by the territorial governor and two supreme justices. Upon their return being made to the President he shall issue his proclamation declaring the territories states, provided that the votes upon the constitution are affirmative. Hence it will be seen that they are not yet full-fledged states.

Metals Costlier Than Gold.

Observer, Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The following are those metals valued at over $1,000 an avoirdupois pound, the figures given representing the value per pound: Vanadium, $10,000; rubidium, $9,070; zirconium, $7,200; lithium, the lightest metal known, $7,000; glucinum, $5,400; calcium, $4,500; strontium, $4,200; torium, $4,080; yttrium, $4,089; orbium, $3,400; cerium, $3,400; didymium, $3,200; ruthenium, extracted from the ores of platinum $2,400; rhodium, which requires the strongest heat that can be produced by a wind furnace for its fusion, $2,300; molybdum, $2,300; barium, $1,800; palladium, $1,400; osmium, $1,300; iridium, found native as an alloy with osmium in lead-gray scales, and the heaviest known substance, $1,090. Gold, platinum and silver are spoken of as "noble metals." With gold and platinum are classed several rare metals, which were never found except in association with with platinum and are commonly called "platinum metals." These are rhodium, ruthenium, palladium, gold, platinum, iridium and osmium.

Rev. Dr. Talmage.

G. H. M., Rushville, Ill.: 1.—Thomas DeWitt Talmage was born in Bound Brook, N. J., Jan. 7, 1832. He graduated at New York university in 1853, and at the New Brunswick, N. J., theological seminary in 1856, when he was ordained pastor of the Reformed Dutch church in Belleville, N. J. He was pastor of the Reformed Dutch church in Syracuse, N. Y., from 1859 to 1862, when he was called to the Second Reformed church in Philadelphia. In 1869 he became pastor of the Central Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, where he still remains. In 1870 his congregation erected a new church, semi-circular of wood and iron, known as the Brooklyn Tabernacle, seating 3,400 people. This was enlarged in 1871 so as to seat 500 more and burned down Dec. 22, 1872. On Feb. 22, 1874, the present Tabernacle was dedicated. It is built in Gothic style, of brick, semi-circular in form, seats 5,000 people, and is the largest Protestant church in America. The pews are free, the church being maintained by the voluntary offerings of the congregation. 2.—Boulanger is pronounced "Boo-*long*-zhay;" the sound we have represented by *ng* is not found in English and you will have to get some one familiar with French to give the proper sound. Schoonstein is pronounced "Shone-stine," and similar words from the German in the same manner. 3.—Round shoulders can be improved by proper attention to an erect carriage. Military drill is the best remedy.

Sunday Labor.

B. F. D., Antigo, Wis.: While Sunday is nominally observed in all the countries of Europe professing the Christian religion, yet the mode of observance differs largely from ours. The English Sunday is similar to our own. In the countries of continental Europe, however, it is largely made a holiday, especially in the afternoon and evening, for out-door enjoyment. The tendency to Sunday labor there, however, is no greater than it is here. There has been, in the past decade especially, a rapid growth of Sunday work; and it is to be hoped that the movement, which is gathering strength rapidly, to stop all unnecessary work on Sunday, may prove strong enough to overcome this movement, which results in making the lives of many a perpetual "grind," as you say.

The "Angelus" of Millet.

A. W. F., Los Angeles, Cal.: "The Angelus" is a prayer to the Virgin. It was instituted by Urban II. It is called Angelus because it begins with the words, "*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*," which, translated, means, "the angel of the Lord appeared to Mary," then follows the salutation of Gabriel, Ave Maria, etc. The prayer contains three verses, and each verse ends with the salutation, "Ave Maria," which means, "Hail, Mary!" Three times a day, in Catholic countries, a bell is sounded called the Angelus, and at sound of the bell devout hearts recite this prayer. Millet has chosen for the theme of his picture two laborers in the field gathering potatoes, who, at sound of the Angelus bell, leave off work, bow their reverent heads, and give a moment to worship. We are preparing a copy of this famous painting, announcement of which will be found in the "Publishers' Department" on the fifth page of this issue of the Weekly BLADE.

Losses in Battle.

Veteran, Chattanooga, Tenn.: The battle of Leipsic was the bloodiest ever fought. It took place Oct. 16, 18 and 19, 1813, between the French and the Austrians, Prussians and Russians. The French were 160,000 strong, the allies 240,000. More than 80,000 men perished, and the French were defeated. Such losses throw into the shade the losses of our own war. At Gettysburg 39,000 were killed and wounded; at Chickamauga, 28,000. In the battles of the Wilderness 6,788 men were killed, and at Spottsylvania 6,296. In the final attack on Kars, during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, 8,000 men fell. The losses in the attacks on the Shipka Pass amounted to about 20,000 men, and before Plevna some 30,000 men perished. Marius's victory over the Cimbri and Teutones at Vercellæ, in B. C. 101, is said to have cost the lives of 200,000 persons.

G. A. R. Commanders-in-Chief.

Vet., Port Clinton, O.: The following is the roster of commanders-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic:

1. Stephen A. Hurlbut, 1866, '67, '68; 2. John A. Logan, 1868, '69, '70, dead; 3. Ambrose E. Burnside, 1871, '72, dead; 4. Charles Devins, jr., 1879, '74; 5. John F. Hartranft, 1875, '76; 6. Lucius Fairchild, 1876, '77, '78; 7. William Earnshaw, 1879; 8. Louis Wagner, 1880; 9. George S. Merrill, 1881; 10. Paul Vandervoort, 1882; 11. Robert B. Beath, 1883; 12. John S. Kountz, 1884; 13. John S. Burdette, 1885. 14. Louis Fairchild, 1886, '87; 15. William Wagner, 1888.

Mother-of-Pearl—"Water" of Diamonds.

W. M., Ft. Wayne, Ind.: 1.—Mother-of-pearl is the hard, silvery, brilliant internal layer of several kind of shells, especially oysters. The large oysters of the Indian seas alone possess this coat sufficiently thick to make their shells available for purposes of manufacture. The brilliant hues of mother-of-pearl depend not so much upon the nature of the shell as upon its structure. Innumerable wrinkles or furrows run across the surface of the shells and act upon the reflected light in such a way as to produce the beautiful chromatic effect. 2.—Diamonds, when perfect, are clear as a drop of water, and are said to be "of the first water." They are described as "second water" when less clear. Diamonds may be white, blue, red, yellow, green, brown, violet, orange or black.

The Death of Judas.

E. H. M., Walla, Walla, Wash., is exercised over the New Testament mentions of the death of Judas Iscariot. Matt. xxvii, 5, says: "And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself." Acts xvii, 18, says: "And he falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out." This correspondent inquires: "Now please explain this to me. Does the Bible contradict itself in this case?"

It is not at all necessary to assume that there are two modes of death mentioned. It is altogether probable that Judas hanged himself, and, through the slipping or breaking of the rope, the decomposed body fell as Acts follows. The purpose of the New Testament writers was not to give a detailed account of Judas, the betrayer. These mentions of him are merely incidental.

Water Power Stronger at Night.

D. M., Humansville, Mo., writes: "I am an old miller, and when I used to follow the business in Minnesota and Iowa, I used to study the matter of water power being stronger at night than in the day, and it was true. If the weather is rainy and damp for several days, there is no difference discernible in the power, night or day; in the winter, when the stream is locked in ice, there is no difference in the power. But, in dry season in summer, the difference is very perceptible, so much so that a good run of burrs in good dress will grind from three to five bush-els more in the night than in the day." We omit all theories. We want facts that go to prove or disprove the theory.

Miscellaneous.

Information, Wellsville, O.: Refer the question to a lawyer.

E. C., Columbus, O.: The name "Eiffel" is pronounced "I fell."

G. W. N., Brittonville, Ind.: We know nothing of the "post" you speak of.

J. M., Green Top, Mo.: Consult a lawyer. The law is different in different states.

J. F., New Amsterdam, Ind.: See answer on "Dog Days" in last week's Bureau.

G., Leighton, Iowa: It was continued for several months during the year 1886.

G. E. H., Montpelier, Vt.: "Tibbitts," in "Nasby in Exile," is an imaginary character.

E. E., Clarksville, Iowa: See answer to I. N. R., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, in last week's Bureau.

S. M., Coronado, Kan.: Consult the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

M. M., Bismarck, Dak.: The idea that somebody wants to buy a million cancelled postage stamps is wholly imaginary.

R. C. B., Helena, O.: First, we do not know the publication of the work you mention; second, read Rule 3 above. No answers by mail.

B. M., ——: The mineral you send appears to be impure iron pyrites, a compound of iron and sulphur. It is not gold, nor does it contain gold.

G. W. N., Butlerville, Ind.: A full description of the daily routine of work in THE BLADE office was published in the Weekly BLADE of February 8, 1888.

A. R. M., Johnstown, N. Y.: Did it not occur to you that if Queen Cleopatra had ever married Herod, we should have mentioned it in our account of her life, published recently?

E. M. H., Orleans, Mich.: The national flower of England is the rose; of Scotland, the thistle; of Ireland, the shamrock; of France, the lily; of Germany, the cornflower. That is the extent of our knowledge on this subject.

E. D., Bennington, Ind.: Will you kindly stop sending us questions about hunting that are of no interest to any one? What was meant was that there is no law in Alaska to punish a man for killing fur-bearing animals.

H. E. H., Constantine, Mich.: Arsenic is much too dangerous a substance to be taken except under the advice of a good physician. If you desire to use it, tell your doctor frankly all about it, and use it under his direction.

A. B. E., Fremont, N. C.: 1.—"Nellie's Marriage" is published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. "The Demagogue" is not issued in book form, and probably will not be. 2.—This question is answered elsewhere. 3.—Have not the material.

Several correspondents call attention to the fact that we are in error in calling the Ancient Order of United Workmen a politi al organization. It is a benevolent secret society, with a form of mutual life insurance, like the Knights of Honor, and many other similar societies.

A. B. K., Lucas, Kan.: 1.—There is no letter W in the French language. The "ou" is used instead; as, *chemin de fer de l' Ouest*, the Western Railway. 2.—The name of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British minister at Washington, is pronounced "Pawnts-fe." The last syllable of "Clan-na-Gael" is pronounced "gale." "An serine" is pronounced "an-ser-een;" it means "like a goose," or "resembling a goose." You should refer to a dictionary for words like the last.

R. R. G., Stuart, Neb.: The Sioux reservation can not be opened to settlement until Congress ratifies the work of the commission next winter, and the President issues his proclamation. Then we will try to publish all the information needful for intending settlers, and not till then.

H. O. J., Himrod's, N. Y.: The inscription in your violin says that it was made by Antony Stradivarius in 1791. The Stradivarii were famous makers, and there are thousands of counterfeit violins purporting to be made by them. The only way to find out the value of yours is to have some expert examine it.

S. S. R., Clyde, O.: 1.—An expert attache of one of the Toledo natural gas companies states that 20,000 cubic feet of natural gas equals in heating capacity one ton of hard coal, under ordinary conditions; though with improved burners, etc.; this can be materially reduced. 2.—We do not know. Write to the publishers.

L. M. H., Lowell, Kan.: 1.—See Rule 2 above. Any bookseller will order them for you. 2.—Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans was born at Liverpool, Eng., 1794. In 1812 she married Capt. Hemans, from whom she separated in 1818. Died 1835. Her principal works were "The Vespers of Palerme," "The Forest Sanctuary," "The Skeptic," etc.

A. M. E., Duluth, Minn.: The pension to children of a deceased soldier ceases when said children arrive at the age of sixteen. The marriage of a girl at the age, say, of fifteen, would not debar her, so far as we can find, from drawing the pension up to her sixteenth birthday. Of course, if she received it after that time, it would be fraud on her part, and she would be liable to punishment.

H. G. W., Atlanta, Iowa: 1.—We have no means of ascertaining the area of cities outside the United States. The area of the largest American cities is given in the Bureau of July 25, which see. 2.—It is mere guess-work to say who is the richest man in the world. People are not in the habit of advertising their wealth. Can you name the wealthiest man in your town, and your county, and your state?

C. W. T., Ind. Ter.: 1.—What the editor of this department believes or disbelieves is of no consequence. The Bureau is for facts, not to express the personal opinions of its editor. 2.—The free school system had its germ in New England, long before the Revolution, and had nothing to do with political parties. 3.—The invention of the telescope is disputed, but it seems to be a fact that the honor of making the first belongs to one of two men—Hans Lippershein, a spectacle-maker of Middleburg, Germany, or Jacob Adriatis, of Alkmaar.

L. B. J., La Belle, Mo.: If you had written frankly the circumstances of the case at first, and then asked your questions so that we could have told exactly what you wanted to know, we could have answered at once. There is some legal person, it is safe to say, representing the interests of all estates that have money in trust for heirs. If you do not know who he is in this case, is there not some one in England to whom you could write to find out? Some friend or relative? If not, then write a letter, explaining the whole case as briefly as possible, giving all names and dates, addressed to Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the U. S., London, England. He may possibly be able to advise you.

THE IRON DUKE.

Some New Stories About Wellington, the Conqueror of Napoleon.

A new set of stories about the Duke of Wellington includes these: "The duke being asked how it was that he had succeeded in beating Napoleon's marshal's, one after the other, said: 'I only had to know when to retreat and to dare to do it.' The duke used to say that he attributed his success, in some measure, to always being a quarter of an hour earlier than he was expected, and that the wise course is to attack your enemy at the moment he is preparing to attack you. The duke detested being helped. On the day a gentleman nearly as old as himself made some demonstration of assisting him to cross Piccadilly when crowded. When the duke reached the gate of Apsley House he touched his hat and said, 'I thank you, sir.' The stranger took off his hat and said: 'My lord, I have passed a long and not uneventful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I should be so slightly assistance to the greatest man that ever lived.' The duke looked at him calmly and replied, 'Don't be a —— fool!' and walked into Apsley House."

AFTER THE PEST.

War to the Death on the English Sparrow.

In view of the overwhelming evidence against the sparrow, the Agricultural department at Washington recommend the repeal of all existing laws which afford protection to the English sparrow, the enactment of laws which will legalize the killing of the bird at all seasons of the year, and the destruction of its nests, eggs, or young; the enactment of laws making it a misdemeanor to give food or shelter to the bird; and to protect those birds which feed upon the sparrow, and the appointment of some officer in each town or village to destroy the sparrows in the streets, parks and other places where the use of firearms is not permitted. The offering of bounties for the destruction of the birds is not regarded by the department as expedient.

To the general public the department recommends intelligent, persistent and united efforts to exterminate the pests by the use of firearms, traps, poisou, destruction of nests, and disturbance of the birds in places, and any other practicable method that can be devised. Special attention is called to the fact that the English sparrow is an excellent article of food, equaling many of the smaller game birds. In fact, the sparrow is commonly sold at restaurants under the name of "rice birds."

A Traveling Philanthropist.

N. Y. Sun.

There were eight of us who got off the train at the junction, to wait two hours for the train on the other road. It was a small building in the country, without a house in sight, and no platform to walk on. The single railroad official was asleep on some bags of wool in the freight shed, and the clock in the waiting room had stopped dead still. As we sat down on the hard benches in the waiting room one of the men opened his grip and took out an eight-page newspaper. Not one of the rest of us had a thing to read. Noticing this, he carefully cut the pages apart, then cut each page in half, and passing around he said: "Gentlemen, I never did like a hog. Each of you will take eight, and as fast as read we will exchange with each other."

Each man took his part and made it his business to read it, and the last man had just got down to a mortgage sale and the death notice of a pair of twins, when the two hours expired and the train drew up.

Lone Feminine Travellers.

Buffalo Courier.

Said a hotel clerk last evening: "I never saw so many lone women, young and old, travelling around the country as this year. I suppose they go off on little excursions and the men stay at home and look after the children, because they can't afford to go along. I'll tell you the clever way they work the hotels. A few of them will come in on a train and sit around the waiting room until there are more arrivals. After a while they get quite a swarm and then pull toothpicks. The woman that gets the short end has to go out and make rates with the hotels for the party, the rest remaining at the station until the thing is fixed. See?"

This Rooster is Cute.

Charlie Doherty, of Greensboro, Ga., has a remarkable rooster. This rooster has been in need of a roosting place, but, being short on wing, has been unable to fly high enough to be beyond the reach of strolling night pedestrians. As a consequence he has been forced to roost low down across the surface of the shells and act upon the reflected light in such a way as to produce the beautiful chromatic effect. 2.—Diamonds, when perfect, are clear as a drop of water, and are said to be "of the first water." They are described as "second water" when less clear. Diamonds may be white, blue, red, yellow, green, brown, violet, orange or black.

Tackled the Wrong Woodchuck.

John Coon at Andover, Ct., had a dog that hunted woodchucks unaided. It lay in the grass, or in a copse, tirelessly waiting until a woodchuck strayed a dozen rods or so from its burrow, then leaped out of its lair and tried to get to the hole first. If it succeeded in doing so the feat was bad for the woodchuck. It often headed off 30 or 40 groundhogs in a season in this way. Success, it seems, turned the dog's head, and one day last week it tackled the "Washington express" train as it was whizzing through Andover, but the locomotive got to its hole just the same.

Probably Lucky for John, Though.

Consoler (to newly made widow)—You won't have to go in mourning, you know.

Widow—Oh, dear! Why, if I can't wear black I almost wish John hadn't died!—*Tone.*

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS.
Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL, AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

An Official Description of the Great Work Now in Progress.

Advanced sheets, with maps, have been issued by the Nicaragua Canal company of a pamphlet which presents the first complete description of the work of constructing the great ship canal across the Nicaragua. This pamphlet will enable any one a stranger to that part of the tropics to obtain, at a single reading, a very good idea of this vast undertaking. One part of the pamphlet is devoted to a description of the engineering work upon the canal, and another part to a recital of the climatic and other advantages in which Nicaragua is pre-eminent. The canal traverses the lowest depressions of land in the Cordilleras between the Arctic ocean and Cape Horn. This depression is occupied by the large inland sea of fresh water, Lake Nicaragua, and by its outlet, the San Juan river. The western border of the lake is within twelve miles of the Pacific coast, from which it is separated by a low divide of 42 feet. The lake is 110 feet above the sea level. It drains toward the Atlantic ocean through the river. This great natural feature is to be utilized in the proposed canal, both the lake and the river being navigable througout most of the route proposed for the canal. Following is an extract from the pamphlet:

The details of work to be done are, roughly, a breakwater at Gravtown, on the Carribean sea, dredging thence to the westward ten miles through alluvial ground; then a lock of 31 feet lift. At two miles beyond there will be a second lock or double lock of the combined lift of 75 feet, and a dam across the small stream Descado, above which will be a basin affording four and a half miles of free navigation; then a rock cut about two and three-quarters miles in length, followed by twelve miles of free navigation in the valleys of two small rivers, the San Francisco and the Machado. Here the water will be raised by dams and embankments, and the basins will connect directly with the San Juan river above a large dam across that river, which will raise the surface level in the river and lake and secure additional free navigation of sixty-four and a half miles in the river, fifty-six and a half across the lake. On the western side of the lake the canal enters a cut of slight depth in the earth and rock, nine miles long, issuing then into the Tola basin, with five and a half miles of free navigation obtained by damming the small stream, the Rio Grande. At this dam a series of locks lowers the level 85 feet, and the canal proceeds in excavation down the valley of the Rio Grande a distance of two miles, to the last lock, a tidal lock of twenty to thirty feet lift, below which the canal enters the the upper portion of the harbor of Brito, one and a half miles from the Pacific ocean.

From ocean to ocean the canal will be 170 miles long. There will be 16 miles of excavation on the east side, 11¼ miles on the west, and ¾ of a mile for 6 locks, making a total excavation of 28 miles. There will be a total navigation in the several basins now existing and to be constructed of 21 miles. Free navigation will be had in the San Juan river of 64½ miles and in Lake Nicaragua of 56½ miles, a total of 121 miles. With the exception of the rock cuts in the eastern and western divides the canal in excavation will be at all points wide enough for two ships to travel in opposite directions. Through the basins and in the lake and river vessels can pass each other and navigate with entire freedom.

The traffic of the canal will be limited only by the time required to pass a lock. On the basis of 45 minutes as the time for the lock operation and that but one vessel shall pass each lockage, the number of vessels which may pass through the canal in one day is calculated at 32, or in one year 11,680, which, based on the average tonnage of vessels going through the Suez canal, will give an annual capacity for traffic of over 20,000,000 tons. The locks, however, are 650 feet long and seventy feet wide in the chamber, and two vessels each of 2,000 tons displacement can be passed in one lockage, thus materially increasing the estimated capacity. The time from ocean to ocean by steamers is estimated at twenty-eight hours, which includes one hour and twenty minutes for possible detentions in running canals.

In regard to the supply of water for the canal, the lowest flow of the lake in the dry season is 11,300 cubic feet per second. Its average discharge is 14,724 cubic feet per second, or in one day 1,272,530,600 cubic feet. Consequently the lake supply alone is ten times the maximum needed or the operations of the canal.

THE BLACK SPINAL COLUMN.

Invariable Rule by Which the Presence of African Blood Is Detected.

Capt. O. C. Ferry, of Indianapolis, was born and grew to manhood in Tennessee, when the institution of slavery was in its prime. He grew up to believe it wrong, his mother instilling the belief into his mind from infancy.

"But I saw enough of slavery myself to set me against it," said the Captain a few days ago, in speaking of this period of his career. "In several instances I saw slave children sold whose veins contained so much of their master's blood that their skins were without a tinge of the African color except in the invisible stripe down the spinal column. Such things as that were so plainly and horribly wrong that I needed no teaching in order to know it. Between selling human beings who were partly white and those entirely black I some way couldn't find any line where the wrong ended and the right began.

"What do you mean by the stripe down the spinal column? Why, I supposed you knew the presence of African blood in any person, no matter how slight the proportion, can be instantly detected by a dark line along the spine. Even an octoroon, with complexion and features purely Caucasian, invariably has this line of dark. It is a never-failing proof of mixed blood. The mark is not always black, but is always considerably darker than the rest of the surface of the body.

"Since you didn't know that, perhaps you don't know that a negro child at its birth is as light colored as a white one. You wouldn't notice any difference in the color at all. In three or four hours after birth the skin begins to turn black, and in a few days becomes as black as the child is destined to be during its life."

THE HOLY LAND.

Its Small Size When One Travels Through It.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Palestine is perhaps the best known country for its size on the face of the earth. It is only fourteen miles from Jerusalem to the Jordan, and it is 35 miles from Jerusalem to the sea. Palestine, all told, is not bigger than a Texas county, and if it had railroads you could cross it in an hour. It is not more than three times as long as it is broad, and the distances and numbers, which are so large in the Scriptures, are very small when viewed with the naked eye. Bethlehem is, in reality, about seven miles from Jerusalem, and it can not be more than two miles from the site of Solomon's temple to the top of the Mount of Olives. The valley of Jehosophat is little more than a ravine and the valley of Khedron runs into it. The villages of Palestine are quite as curious as Jerusalem in their architectural structure. There is one just above the pool of Siloam on the edge of the Mount of Olives, which is a fair type of the whole. It consists of houses of one and two stories built half of stone and half cut out of the rock against which they stand. There is no chance of any man going around to the back of his house in Siloam and it is a village without back yards. It makes one think more of the cave dwellers, or of the Pueblo Indians than of a people whose history is as old as time.

Grounds for a Horrible Suspicion.

He—And you are sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you?

She—Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you?

He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, too devotedly for that. But why, oh, why did you reach for the reins the very instant I ventured to put one arm around you if you had never been there before?—*Terre Haute Express.*

He Knew Him.

A man, well-known in his native town as always being behind hand in his affairs, was driving rapidly down the street and accidentally ran over a colored man. Unable to stop his horse after the accident, the driver, true to nature, yelled out: "Hi, there! Get out of the way!" Upon which the darky, not being very much hurt, picked himself up as quickly as possible, and hallooed back: "Fo' de Lo'd sake, boss, yo' ain't comin' back ag'in, is yo'?"—*Life.*

She Had Thought of That.

Accepted Suitor—"Won't you find it awkward when you meet your other two husbands in heaven?"

Interesting Widow—"I do not expect to meet either of them there."—*Life.*

BOB BURDETTE AGAIN.

HIS LATEST BATCH OF HUMOR.

Selections from His Latest Screed in the Brooklyn Eagle.

BY THEIR WORDS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM.

"No, sir," said Farmer Thistlepod, "you needn't tell me anything about the beauties of a free government. I'm sick of it. I've toiled and moiled and dug and delved on this farm, boy and man, forty-five years, and all I've been able to do has been to pay taxes, keep up the interest on a mortgage and wish I had money enough to take out a little insurance on the stock, but I can't do it. Pastor was here this morning urgin' me to try to do a little more for the church, an' I had to tell him I was goin' to give up my pew at the end of this quarter; just got to do it; I haven't the money, I tell you, and what's more, you can't make it on a farm in this country. I don't know a farmer in York state that is makin' enough to pay for labor on the farm." That night three burglars who overheard the old man talking in this strain to the church clerk came into his house at midnight, gagged him, tied him down on the kitchen table and held a torch to his feet until he came down, and they got away with $4,000 in cold cash, $3,500 in United States bonds, four gold watches, two breech-loading shotguns, English; $600 worth of solid silver, and about a dozen cutthroat mortgages on western farms, drawing 7 per cent interest. Ananias doesn't fall dead as he used to, but he suffers a great deal more than if he did.

A NEVER-FAILING TOPIC.

"What do women talk about?" asked Rollo, coming in from a meeting of his debating society. "All the time, my son," said Mr. Holliday, wearily, "all the time."

CONCEALMENT WAS USELESS.

Last week out in Ohio lightning struck a cornet player, knocking his instrument from his hands and melting it, but without seriously injuring the player. He afterward confessed that he was just going to play "In the Sweet By and By", with the echo refrain. Providence never makes a mistake.

A RAID WORSE THAN SOLOMON.

A Pennsylvania paper tells of a man who was gored by an angry bull and severely injured "while passing through a cow pasture with a red flannel shirt on." We have been telling the farmers of this country for years that if this foolish and expensive decoration of cowpastures in bright colored flannel shirts wasn't stopped somebody would get hurt. Now see what we told you.

DON'T GO ADAFT THE SHAFT.

"Do you think high heels are injurious, doctor?" asked Miss Frenchsipper. "I know they are," replied the doctor, "on a mule. And they're more dangerous still when they come down. Keep away from 'em."

SURPLUS OF PRIESTS.

It is said that in Spain there is one priest to every thirty citizens. When the country parson exchanges with his city brother at this time of the year he thinks that in American cities there are only about ten citizens to a parson.

HEAVILY HANDICAPPED.

Harper's Bazar says: "Woman cannot move as comfortably in her investiture as a man." No; and she can't undo four buttons and kick the whole arrangement off while walking from the door to the bed either. And she can't go to sleep between the ringing of the breakfast bell and the asking of the blessing, either. And yet she thinks there are some things in politics that she can reform. She thinks she can make the men believe she can do some things far better than they can. And still it is a lamentable fact, patent to all men, that when there are two women on a sleeping car, and only two dressing rooms for ladies, those women have to arise at 4 o'clock in order to permit two of them to dress in time for the 8 o'clock breakfast. There are some things that woman—God bless her—can't reform, and some things that she can; some that she tries to and some that she just won't. Now if she will only take this out of politics and possibilities she can work wonders. And if she keeps them snarled up, why she can work wonders, also. But the wonder will be why she works.

THE CAUTIOUS PROPHETS.

Down in Georgia an old darky calling himself the prophet Daniel, induced three young men to walk into an iron furnace. They did it as easily as anything you ever saw done. But coming out again was the part of the feat that caught them cold, and they refused to budge. The argument about these religious fanatics is that God never tells them to do anything of that sort themselves; He always tells them to get somebody else to do it. However, the stock of fools in the world is always large. We suppose you might burn up a couple of hundred of them every day for six weeks, and then find a good market for any kind of an elixir you should advise.

GROWING LIKE WEEDS.

"How's crops?" says Atom to Molecule, meeting him at the market. "House crops?" repeated Molecule, all aglow with radiant joy. "Why, I've got a wife and child!" And Atom, who hadn't heard of it, blushed painfully and passed on.

TELLS ON ITSELF.

"I wish I knew how to tell a good egg from a bad one," writes a young housekeeper. "Look at me," said the hen, with her nose, Ciara, look at 'em with your nose. You must be blind if you couldn't hear the difference then.

GOOD MORNING, FRIEND.

The other day a boy up town yelled so loud that he frightened a horse, woke a policeman, startled the whole neighborhood into nervous hysteria, and when everybody came running out to see who was murdering him, they found he was only calling in a friendly tone to another boy, who was standing on the other side of the walk, about ten feet away. When a boy accosts his friend, he usually wants him to hear the first time; he doesn't shout to him merely for the sake of giving his lungs exercise.

ABOUT MOSQUITOES.

Here's a Little Experiment You Can Try If You Wish.

Washington Star.

Three or four men were sitting on the piazza of a seaside cottage smoking. It was evening. The stars were as thick in the sky as freckles on a red-headed girl's face. The waves came in on the beach swish-swash-swosh just as they have done ever since the second day of the creation.

More piercing than the song of the waves were the notes, and more multitudinous than the stars of heaven the number of the mosquitoes that haunted that piazza, and every one of them was "looking for blood." The men had ceased smoking for fun. They now puffed their cigars to keep the mosquitoes away.

"Something funny about mosquitoes," said one, rather absentmindedly.

"Yes, rather," was the drawling reply.

"Funny how much blood it takes to f

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 117,000.

NO MORE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We have decided not to offer a sewing machine in connection with THE BLADE any longer this season. We are offering a number of new articles, to be sold with the paper, for announcements of which see the first page of last week's issue, and the fifth page of to-day's BLADE. One offer is on fine toilet and table ware; the other, THE BLADE cook-stove. Our space is limited, and we have thought best to withdraw the sewing machine offer for this year. We may or may not renew it next year; circumstances must determine. Meanwhile we want you to read carefully our offers on these new articles; you will find that they are the most liberal we have ever made, and that the useful articles we offer are cheaper than you can buy elsewhere, besides including THE WEEKLY BLADE. Read the offer, by all means.

THE VARIOUS METHODS OF COMBATTING INTEMPERANCE, AND WHY THEY FAIL.

In an editorial article discussing the new Minnesota law for the punishment of drunkenness, the New York *Tribune* makes the following general observations:

One of the most significant facts of the day is the attention paid by lawmaking bodies and by society in general to the temperance question. * * This continuous discussion is a present beneficial and hopeful augury. A universal conviction of the enormous burden which drunkenness imposes is the first essential step towards relief, and we think it safe to say that conviction upon this point has spread further during the last ten years than in a century previous. Tens of thousands of persons who are not in the habit of troubling themselves with statistics, and who are perhaps incapable of close figuring, have had a considerable sum of their income inflicted by the liquor traffic somewhat suddenly "borne in upon them," as the theological phrase was.

The rapidly growing conviction of the enormous burden which the Rum traffic, through its fostering of drunkenness, imposes, is certainly the first step toward relief. It is the initiative of the mighty popular movement which must end in absolute Prohibition. There is no other logical result to be reached. So long as the saloon exists, so long as Rum is to be had, so long will there be drunkards. The only effective way is to put it beyond the power of morally weak men to become drunkards, by stopping the manufacture and sale of Rum; and the only way to do this is by Prohibition.

Each stage in the growth of the sentiment of hostility to the Rum Power has been marked by the rise of some partial remedy for the evils of the drink traffic. The first of these was the effort at personal temperance, by the taking of the pledge of total abstinence, and the formation of various temperance societies and secret organizations, whose members were pledged to abstain from all intoxicants. This movement did much good in its way, but it could not cope with the giant evil of intemperance, backed by the efforts of the Rum Power—the men who make money by the manufacture and sale of liquid damnation. In later years, FRANCIS MURPHY is the most distinguished advocate of this method; and while he has done and is doing a noble work in saving individuals from the grasp or the Rum demon, he, nor a thousand like himself, working in unison, can not hope to save the nation collectively. So long as man is a creature of his passions and his appetites—which will be until the millenial dawn—all attempts to extirpate drunkenness by endeavoring to reform each individual drunkard, and to prevent any more becoming such by personal abstention from the use of Rum, must prove fruitless.

Another method of attempting to combat the Rum evil soon came into vogue—viz: the license or taxation system. There has been a vast deal of silly stuff written on this point, and it is well enough to state the exact legal status of the Rum traffic, and expose the false views held by many very good people regarding the license of that traffic. All human law operates on the principle that what is not forbidden is permitted. Hence the manufacture and the sale of Rum, in the absence of any statutory provision, is as legal as the baking and the sale of bread, the manufacture and sale of calico. The theory of license, or the special taxation of the liquor traffic, is simply that as it imposes burdens upon the state in the way of crime, vice, pauperism, etc., it should be made to bear a portion at least of these burdens, by paying a special tax or license fee. All the absurd talk about "licensing a crime" is fallacious, because a thing is not a crime until made so by law. A thing may be morally wrong, but it is not a crime until the statute declares it so to be.

License now stands in high favor with many good people in the United States. They have reached that stage in the temperance movement when they think that a restrictive measure of this sort is expedient and necessary. We are in favor of license, when the issue is either free Rum or license—for so long as the traffic exists, we want all possible checks placed upon it; but as between license and Prohibition we are for Prohibition every time, because we believe that there is no way of remedying the evils of the Rum traffic save by its utter extirpation. That license—yes, high license—is an utter failure, is demonstrated by the experience of England, where it has been tried for a century and a half.

In 1735 the English parliament saw with alarm the increasing evils which followed the continual use of alcoholic drinks, and set about devising and applying a remedy. What would be so likely to lessen the amount of Rum consumed as to put a high tax upon the sellers? Their hopes were as high as the tax; but, alas! they were doomed to disappointment. Fifty pounds was imposed as the licenses of those who sold spirits by retail; and what were the results? Mr. WYKEHAM MARTIN, a member of the House of Commons, in an address in 1864, said:

Before the tax was imposed the annual consumption of spirits was 13,500,000 gallons, but after the imposition of the tax the consumption was 19,742,000.

The increase in the number of convictions for offences against the law was correspondingly great, and other evils of a serious character were multiplied. What was true then is true to-day. High license does not lessen the quantity of liquor sold; does not lessen the amount of drunkenness in city or state; does not lessen the crime associated with and resulting from the use of ardent spirits. In a word, it does not lessen any of the evils flowing from the Rum traffic. This the people of this country apparently must learn from experience. High license must run its course, and its results show its utter failure as a remedy for the evils of the Rum traffic.

The Minnesota law, recently enacted, is another futile experiment. It imposes a punishment on every person convicted of drunkenness. In the first place the law will not be executed in one case out of a dozen. In the second place, the law fails in this: that it punishes only after a man has reached the point at which he is no longer worth saving. Very few men, after they reach the stage at which they make spectacles of themselves by appearing in public in a state of inebriation, are worth saving. The infernal habit has too strong a hold on them. They may desire to shake it off, but it is their master. The true remedy is to prevent them ever becoming drunkards.

But how is this to be accomplished? It cannot be done by the Murphy plan of personal effort; it cannot be done by high license; it cannot be done by the Minnesota plan of punishing a man only after he has become a confirmed drunkard; for all of these allow the saloon to go on unchecked in its infamous career of wrecking lives and ruining men. The only effective method is to shut up the saloon, and stop the manufacture of the infernal Rum poison; and there is no way, save through Prohibition, to accomplish this and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

HOUSE CONTESTED SEATS.

So far there are at least seventeen contests over seats in the next House of Representatives, the necessary documents in that number of cases being already filed with the proper officer. The Elections committee of the new House is likely to have a very lively winter of it, as this is twice the number of cases the House of the Fiftieth Congress had to decide. All but one of these seventeen cases are in Southern districts. Here is the list:

State.	Districts.
Arkansas	First.
Florida	Second.
Indiana	First.
Maryland	Fifth.
Mississippi	Second, Third, Seventh.
South Carolina	Seventh.
Tennessee	Tenth.
Virginia	Third, Fourth, Tenth.
West Virginia	First, Third, Fourth.

All these contests are against Democratic contestees, and the contestants are all Republicans, save the one in the Third Mississippi district, who was an "independent" Democratic candidate, and is seeking to oust his "regular" competitor. The Indiana case is that of POSEY, Republican, who contests PARRETT's narrow margin of 20 plurality. The other fifteen cases are all in districts where there is a clear Republican majority, but where fraud and force, bulldozing and false counting, have silenced the voice of that majority and given certificates of election to the Bourbon minority candidates.

The House and the administration being Republican, the sufferers from this hateful tyranny make an appeal for that justice which has systematically been denied them in the past by Democratic majorities in the House of Representatives and by a Democratic executive. The hope that the guarantees of the federal constitution may be enforced in the South as they are in the North, and that the long reign of injustice and malignant sectionalism be broken under the new order of things. Let us hope that their aspirations will be realized.

A CONVENTION of the wheat-growers of the Mississippi Valley is called to meet at St. Louis on October 23 next, for the purpose of "discussing measures of relief," and forming a wheat-growers' association. The relief spoken of is to be against the conditions contained in this preamble:

By reason of new systems in business and the combinations against us, we are not, as an agricultural class, enjoying equal privileges with the manufacturing and commercial classes, and from the inequality of exchange, have for the past ten years been sorely oppressed by the low prices of farm products; and the depressed condition of the wheat market and the conflicting reports of the world's supply of this cereal.

The call is issued by the Farmers' Confederation of the Mississippi Valley, of Topeka, Kan., and it strongly advises the farmers of the Northwestern states and territories to hold the wheat off the market until after the meeting of the St. Louis convention of wheat growers, unless such prices shall be offered as will justify a reasonable profit over and above the cost of production, or $1 per bushel for wheat.

THE method of reforming the civil service prepared by Mr. LYMAN is an excellent one. He would put all heads of bureaus and chiefs of departments and their immediate helpers in line with the administration; that is, he would have these officers appointed by the president and the persons to whom he entrusts part of the work; then from that down to the bottom he would have all changes by promotion within, thus infusing fresh blood into the service at both top and bottom, the changes above being made for political reasons, those below for merit only. He says the personnel of the whole civil service changes once in five years. While one person may remain a long time in one place, yet the general movement outward from one cause or another practically changes the whole body in about the time mentioned.

THE Dominion of Canada longs to brings the island of Newfoundland in as part of herself, thus giving but a single government to British North America. Newfoundland is ruled by a governor appointed by the crown, and has a Parliament of its own, made up of two chambers, the upper a legislative council consisting of fifteen members nominated by the Imperial government, while the house of assembly is made up of thirty-six representatives chosen by the people. The people prefer the present regime to a subjection to Ottawa. They are near enough to the maritime provinces to know how the latter have fared under Ottawa rule. Then, too, they have no desire to shoulder a part of Canada's $285,000,000 of debt, as they are not overburdened with wealth at present.

THAT is a bit of cheerful information for the Panama canal stockholders, that the creditors of the company will only receive about 8 per cent of their claims if the project stops where it now is. There is very little inducement to send good money after bad in an enterprise so near utter ruin already, and this official statement makes the probability stronger than ever that the American canal through Nicaragua will be the only one between the Atlantic and the Pacific finished in this generation.

MAJOR MCKINLEY figures up nearly fifty votes for himself on the first caucus ballot for Republican candidate for the Speakership. It takes eighty-five to nominate. MCKINLEY is in the lead as to the number so far, as the remaining Republican members are either non-committal or divided among the several other aspirants for the position.

This distinction must be made in the matter of pensioning honorable and dishonorable discharged veterans. While the country owes a debt of gratitude it can never repay to the men who saved it, it should visit punishment and not rewards on the heads of men who deserted it in its hour of need.

THE NEW YORK *Times* says that Senator PAYNE wants to be "vindicated." It would seem as if a "vindication" would be a good thing, also, for a good many of the men who voted for him.

THE proposed license law has been defeated in the New Hampshire House of Representatives by 26 majority, and the prohibitory statute still remains in force.

AN AUTHOR'S OPINION

Of "The Demagogue"—Mr. Thomas W. Knox Is Warm in His Commendation.

Writing from New York under date of August 20, Mr. THOMAS W. KNOX, the traveler and author, to THE BLADE upon a business matter, takes occasion to express his opinion of Mr. D. R. LOCKE's story as follows:

I have read "The Demagogue" thus far with great interest. It is a splendid story, and ought to make a great hit. The description of the country spelling school in the last installment is one of the best descriptive sketches I ever read, and vividly brought to my mind similar scenes of my boyhood.

Mr. KNOX is one of the rising literary men of the day, and his opinion is valuable, as that of a man of letters, entirely competent to pass judgment upon a literary production. We find his verdict agrees with that of those of our readers who have kindly sent us their opinion of the story. Once in a while we find a critic who, while commending the story as a whole, finds fault with some one particular thing. A letter of this sort came from a friend in a Western state, who thought the chapter descriptive of the spelling-school was unnecessarily elaborated, and that one got impatient at the details in his desire to find what was next to happen.

This is mere superficial criticism. "The Demagogue" is not a sensational story, in which a mass of striking, novel and generally improbable incidents are piled together, each instalment ending in the very midst of some hair-raising incident. There is as great a difference in stories as there is in painting. In a story such as we have just referred to, the work may be compared to a stage scene, intended to be looked at from a distance, in which the color is laid on with full brush, and broad strokes. A close view is fatal to it; the daub is seen. It can only be viewed from a distance. The fine oil painting reproduces nature in a multiplicity of fine strokes, and a closer view but shows the amount of labor expended on it, and the excellence of the work.

Which of these is the more valuable—the stage scene or the oil painting? The latter, as every one knows. "The Demagogue," were it a painting, would be one of these. It is not a story of incident, but one of character. The individuals composing its *dramatis personæ* are not delineated with a few dashes of the brush, but painted with an infinity of small strokes. When the entire story is read, each leading character will be a reality to the reader who really reads it, instead of "skimming" through it. They will be as real as the friends whom you know intimately. You will know their characters, bent of mind, their likes and dislikes. "The Demagogue" is not written for people who read merely to "get the run of the story." It is for those who desire an insight into human character and motives, and who are capable of learning the lesson it teaches.

THE LAST PENSION DECISION.

It is to be hoped that Secretary TRACY will quickly set aside the ruling of Assistant Secretary BUSSEY to the effect that a dishonorable discharge is not a bar to a pension. It is also to be hoped that the Grand Army will take some action in the matter at the Milwaukee encampment. As an organization the fundamental rule of which is that no dishonorable discharge soldier can belong to it, it can hardly do anything else.

The ruling of Mr. BUSSEY is that of a lawyer, who totally misapprehends the spirit of the law. Pensions to soldiers of the late war are not a matter of law, but of equity. So far as the law is concerned the government fulfilled all its obligations to the soldiers when it paid them the money which it contracted to at the time of their enlistment. As a matter of equity, however, after the war was over, the government recognized that the money it had paid them was totally incomensurate with the value of the services that it had received, and so it said: "Let us reward, if only inadequately, the men who have done so much for us." Consequently the government, with a desire to do at least partial justice, agreed to take care of these soldiers who, in its service, had received wounds or contracted disease which incapacitated them from active work. This was a matter of justice and equity, but not of law, and as the dishonorably discharged soldier had no equitable right to this reward he should not receive it. As a matter of strict law the government fulfilled its contract with this class of soldier when it paid him for his services as it promised to at the time of his enlistment. The opinion that in refusing a pension to the convict of a court martial the government punishes him twice is nonsense. The fact of that first finding proves that the government owes him nothing further.

ENGLAND has just agreed to subsidize a steamer line between Vancouver and China to the tune of $300,000 a year for ten years. The subsidy is for carrying mails, but its ulterior purpose is to foster British commerce. Meanwhile the United States sits idle, because the Democrats, mugwumps and free traders have not the wit to see that the subsidizing policy is the one thing we need to encourage the foreign commerce for which they are howling. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* pointedly says:

Great Britain has systematically subsidized her shipping interest for the express purpose of breaking down ours. She began it as long ago as 1840, and has spent as much as $6,000,000 in a single year to defeat the establishment of American lines. There is only one way in which we can compete with her and other European rivals, and that is by matching them at their own methods of encouraging and supporting domestic industry and enterprise.

In reply to a circular from the Chattanooga, Tenn., *Tradesman*, many Southern manufacturers express a preference for negro labor in ordinary mill work. These manufacturers represent about 9,000 negro employes, of whom 2,500, or near one-third, are classified as skilled. The average wages paid to the negro in Southern iron mills is $1.10 a day, while skilled labor runs from $1.75 to 2.25 per day. Indeed, several of the employers pay colored puddlers, heaters and rollers $4 and $5 per day. No difference is made between whites and blacks for the same class of work.

THE friendship existing between the saloon interests and the Democratic party finds good proof in the comments of the *Wine and Spirit Gazette* upon the high license plank placed in the platform of the Pennsylvania Republicans at the recent state convention. By this plank the party is pledged to work for the extension of the Brooks high license law to the wholesale dealers, and also to increase the license fee for saloons in the cities and towns of the state. As the result of such action the Brooks law is denounced by the *Wine and Spirit Gazette* as "infamous."

PRESIDENT HARRISON did a very proper and significant thing in giving the post-office at Hazelhurst, Miss., to CLARA C MATTHEWS, daughter of J. P. MATTHEWS, who was murdered at that place because he insisted upon voting a Republican ticket after the Democrats had ordered him to stay away from the polls. The man whom the lady succeeds is the one who presided over a meeting which passed resolutions justifying the assassination, and who was appointed to the office by CLEVELAND.

THAT little revenue cutter is doing a flushing business in capturing illicit sealers in Behring Sea.

THE CASE OF TANNER.

The Democratic and soldier-hating mugwump press have been making a concerted attack on Corporal TANNER, the Commissioner of Pensions. So far, however, there has been nothing developed to TANNER's personal or official discredit. This statement may seem strange to those who have perused the purposely misleading attacks upon him, but it is nothing but the simple truth. Let us examine the matter.

In the first place, owing to the vast amount of business before the Pension office, it is utterly impossible for the Commissioner himself to examine personally into the merits of a single case. If any mistakes are made, those who have made them are morally responsible, and not the commissioner, who does not see the papers in the case until they come to his desk for his official signature. That he should examine each one as to its merits is a physical impossibility. This can be seen when the fact is considered that within the last fiscal year, ending July 30, 1889, there were filed nearly 48,000 new applications for original pensions—about 1,000 a week—and 168,000 applications for increased pensions. During that year some 33,000 new names were added to the pension roll, or over 600 per week.

It should be plain that the Pension commissioner can review the details of but very few of the thousands of cases adjudicated, or of the certificates presented for his signature, but must depend upon his subordinates, to whom are intrusted the duty of passing upon the legality of the claim and the degree of rating. "But," says an objector, "is not TANNER responsible for the acts of his subordinates?" Yes; and in the one case—the only one—where a subordinate misused his position, was he not promptly removed as soon as the facts were shown? We refer to the man SQUIRES, who was accused of making cases "special" to accommodate a certain noted pension agent. What more could have been done than to "bounce" SQUIRES, which feat was accomplished with the utmost promptitude as soon as the facts were made known?

There is a terrible howl made over an alleged large increase in the number of pensions granted, and the articles attacking TANNER on this ground, while carefully refraining from charging that he is violating the law, are so written as to mislead careless readers into assuming that such is the fact. It should be clearly understood that the duty of the Pension office is merely to apply the law to any given case coming before it in an application; to decide whether the applicant is entitled to a pension under the law; to see that proper proofs are given, and to determine which rating, among those allowed by law, is to be given to the applicant. The charge has never been made by his enemies that TANNER granted pensions without authority of law, or that the pension laws were violated in any way.

Now, as to the alleged increase in the number of applications granted. It is a fact that, as advancing years develop in the veterans of the war the bodily infirmities whose seeds were sown during their exposures in campaigning and in the hardships of those years of war, there is a steady increase in the number of applications. Mr. TANNER has so far simply followed in the footsteps of his predecessor, Gen. BLACK, except in a few instances of palpable injustice to deserving applicants; in these cases, rulings or orders have been amended, or revoked, or new ones issued covering the points presented. The following table of pensions from 1861 to 1888, inclusive, shows the steady growth of the pension roll, and the increase under Gen. BLACK, Mr. TANNER's predecessor, is particularly noticeable:

Fiscal year ending June 30.	Total number of applications filed	Total number of claims allowed.	Total number on the roll.	Disbursements on account of pensions
1861	2,487	482	8,636	$1,072,461 53
1862	49,332	7,884	14,791	1,025,139 91
1863	59,287	23,437	31,110	4,504,616 02
1864	79,684	40,171	85,086	8,325,103 11
1865	65,256	50,177	126,722	13,439,966 43
1866	36,703	34,482	155,183	18,019,956 09
1867	31,703	28,921	169,643	21,010,981 99
1868	26,066	24,196	187,568	28,422,884 08
1869	24,351	24,221	198,086	27,747,301 81
1870	48,969	16,702	207,485	28,777,383 63
1871	26,391	34,383	232,229	30,168,841 00
1872	18,909	18,062	238,415	29,183,289 04
1873	16,784	10,462	236,341	30,583,749 56
1874	18,704	11,153	234,821	29,693,116 63
1875	22,004	14,977	232,107	28,751,906 19
1876	32,715	11,026	232,104	28,880,157 04
1877	44,587	11,962	225,968	26,844,415 18
1878	41,349	13,045	232,126	28,278,526 04
1879	141,466	19,545	268,382	57,240,540 14
1880	91,116	27,894	268,830	50,636,530 81
1881	40,939	27,604	285,617	54,326,281 04
1883	48,776	35,102	303,658	60,431,972 83
1884	41,789	34,192	328,256	57,273,536 74
1885	40,015	35,267	345,125	65,603,706 45
1886	49,895	40,857	365,783	64,984,270 45
1887	72,595	55,194	406,007	74,815,180 85
1888	75,726	60,232	452,807	75,646,146 77
Total	1,166,926	737,200	.....	$993,086,444 73

Commissioner TANNER has been endeavoring to expedite the business of his office, so that the determination of cases can be arrived at without such long delays as have been the rule heretofore; but there is not a scintilla of evidence that, under him, a single unworthy applicant has been put upon the pension rolls.

Another matter about which much noise has been made has been the re-rating of certain pensioners who are employed as clerks in the Pension office. The fact that there were a few re-ratings among these men is not strange when it is remembered that the great majority of the male clerks therein are old soldiers; and it would be a strange rule to make, that they should not be entitled to the same rights as soldiers and pensioners otherwise employed. That in some cases they have a better knowledge than those on the outside of what is due them under the laws, and availing themselves of that knowledge, is no crime, or even a new departure from the custom in all branches of government. That some such cases were made special, or put through with undue haste with the knowledge of the commissioner, simply because they were employes of the bureau, is not true. All these, as well as other cases, go through a thorough adjudication, passing two boards of review, the medical board, medical reviewer and medical referee, with a final careful reading in the certificate division prior to filling out the certificate before reaching the commissioner's desk, and then only for his signature.

To sum up: Commissioner TANNER has executed the pension laws as they exist, and has followed the precedents and practices established by his predecessors. If the law is too favorable to pensioners, that is not his fault. It is the province of Congress to make the laws, or to amend them, and not the duty of any executive officer. Let TANNER stand or fall by what he has actually done, and not through reckless misrepresentations, made with malignant hatred.

Even his views on pension legislation have been misrepresented. He is charged with being committed to a "service pension" law, and with laboring to influence Congress to pass such a measure. This is a falsehood. TANNER is on record as having repeatedly expressed himself in opposition to such a measure, and he declares that the people generally are not in favor of such a law. His position is one that every loyal man can indorse—that every disabled soldier or sailor who needs a pension shall have one. As to his policy as an official, the following is his own language:

If there is any one thing that I have taken pains to have understood from the very first, it is that under my administration frauds are to be ferreted out and punished with greater energy than ever before. One of the first things I did after taking the oath of office was to gather the chiefs of divisions around me, and serve them with a notice to the effect that I will never let up on any one who commits a fraud in securing a pension until I get him safely behind the penitentiary walls. Pity for these frauds is cruelty to the honest claimant.

I find that the public sentiment will support almost any any amount of pensions honestly claimed and allowed, and that whatever prejudice exists against pensioners is based on the supposition that there is a great deal of fraud practiced in securing them. Now I mean to make pensions popular by making them honest. If frauds look for any assistance or mercy from the bureau of pensions through me they are doomed to a decided, disastrous disappointment.

I can only say that office has not changed me, nor will my position as commissioner of pensions belie my position as a private person. But you must remember that the commissioner of pensions is a subordinate officer, and that his work must be done within clearly defined limits laid down by law which I have solemnly sworn to obey. I must remember the sanctity of that oath, and should be supported loyally in being true to it.

Certainly I have some discretionary powers, and you may rest assured that where there is an honest doubt in a case, where there is an honest chance to throw the weight of what power there may be in my hands in favor of that doubt, or on the side of the halting, diseased veteran, or sorrowing widow, orphan, or suffering dependent, there it will be thrown. Now as to supposed unnecessary delay in adjudicating claims; there are those seeking pensions who no doubt sometimes think that because their cases are not adjudicated almost immediately on their being filed, that they are neglected.

In most cases, when the facts are known, it is found that the claimants themselves are somewhat to blame—because they do not promptly and properly furnish the evidence called for. One often hears them say, "Oh, that isn't needed," or, "I have furnished that testimony before," and then pay no attention to the letter from the pension bureau. Every applicant should *immediately and carefully furnish the testimony called for*, or reply and state (under oath) why it cannot be furnished.

DISPLAY THE FLAG.

An order has been promulgated by the Treasury department requiring the custodians of all federal buildings to keep the United States flag flying therefrom every day during business hours. The order is due, in a great measure, to an agitation started by the New York *Press* in favor of having the glorious symbol of national authority more fully displayed. The matter was brought to Secretary WINDOM's attention, who, after investigation, had this to say:

I have reached a decision in the matter and have concluded to order the flags up. Investigation warrants me in doing so. Not only is the custom a patriotic one, but I find on consulting the Treasury regulations that a rule exists requiring the Stars and Stripes to float daily from the government buildings. As you can see, the old flag is lazily rippling in the breeze from the buildings here, and I see no reason why, especia ly since the regulations require it, that it should not float from ev ry structure owned by the United States.

The idea is so good a one that its application should be extended. "Old Glory" should float, not only over all federal buildings, but over every state and municipal structure, over all benevolent or penal institutions, and over every schoolhouse in the land. The movement to display the flag in every school-room is exceedingly popular in the East, and the patriotic people of all other sections should see to it that every school-room, no matter how humble, has displayed upon its walls a correct copy, in proportions and number of stars, of the national symbol. It is an object-lesson in patriotism to the rising generation, into whose hands the destinies of the nation will speedily pass.

The idea can still further be extended by recognizing the anniversary of the day on which the stars and stripes were formally adopted by Congress as the banner of the United States with appropriate exercises. The singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," and others similar might be made a feature, as well as patriotic recitations, among which JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE's magnificently patriotic ode to "The American Flag," certainly stands highest. There is not in the whole realm of American letters anything breathing so fervent a patriotism as it—in witness whereof we quote the last three divisions, for they can hardly be called stanzas.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn,
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance!
And when the cannon's mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow!
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm, that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death!

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the billowy sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye!

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

SOME NEW CLUB OFFERS.

We are, this fall, going to offer great inducements for the formation of clubs to the Weekly BLADE. We mention the matter now simply to ask everybody to get ready to go to work. We are going to offer inducements not only superior to any we have ever offered before, but some in which there is a good deal of money for the persons who will get up clubs. Our advertisements, on the fifth page, regarding tea and chamber sets, Blade cook stoves, etc., are but preliminary announcements. They are very advantageous ones to any person who desires these articles.

☞ The biggest offer of all will be made later. It will *not* be announced in the columns of THE BLADE, but will be sent by mail, and then only in response to requests from those who mean business. Of course a person can not make a regular business of getting up clubs for a newspaper; but for energetic people, this offer will give them, for the time it takes to get up a club, almost as big pay in proportion as the President of the United States receives. When we are ready to send this offer out we will announce it. Meanwhile, read the offer on the fifth page; it will well repay perusal.

GERMANY and Austria are pledged to friendship, and at the recent meeting of their emperors it was declared that their armies "will fight shoulder to shoulder." It makes a strong combination; but if Russia shall join them, the alliance will amount to a real guarantee of peace, and Europe be on a better foundation than she has been for some years. There will be nobody left to fight who would have the hardihood to undertake it.

THE Blair educational bill is by no means dead. Congressman DINGLEY, of Maine, the other day, in sketching the Republican congressional programme, hinted that it would be taken up and passed. The Virginia Democrats, at their recent state convention, demanded "liberal federal appropriations apportioned among the states in the ratio of illiteracy of their population."

COL. BILL MORRISON is ambitious to be the Democratic candidate for United States Senator from Illinois. The Sucker state is not going to send a Democrat to the Senate; and if she were, she would send ex-Governor PALMER, and not Horizontal BILL.

IF the Virginia Republicans can keep from quarreling during the present campaign, they can capture the state easily. If contrariwise, they can't.

THE REAL SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

A bitter Bourbon sheet, published in Athens, Georgia, slops over after the following fashion:

The sooner the negroes reconcile themselves to the fact—the God-given fact—that this is a white man's government, and abide by the decree, just so much sooner will they consult their own interests and that of their white friends.

The constitution of the United States does not limit citizenship nor the right of suffrage to men of any race or any color. On the contrary, it expressly declares that there shall be no discrimination on account of race or color. This is not a "white man's government" in the sense that only whites have the right to vote, any more than it is a black man's government.

The phrase, "a white man's government," however, is used in the South to express the idea that the ruling power shall be in the hands of the white race. On the score of superior knowledge and greater mental acquirements, it is better that it should be. But there is a hopeless confusion in the Southern mind on this matter. The whites mix up two entirely distinct and separate things—the right to vote and the right to rule. GEORGE W. CABLE, the author, who is a Southern man by birth and education, in a recent interview in the New York *Tribune*, draws clearly the distinction which the white Democrats of the South fail to note. He says:

My own notion is that the true Southern problem is not whether the white man shall dominate the negro or the negro the white man. If it were, I suppose I should have to declare in favor of the whites. But the question is whether American citizens shall not enjoy equal rights in the choice of their rulers.

It is not a question of the negroes' right to rule. It is simply a question of their right to choose rulers; and as in reconstruction days, they selected more white men for office than men of their own race, they would probably do so now.

I would not insist on the mixing of whites and negroes in schools. The end to be gained is education, and if the negro encounters any objection the wisest thing for him to do is to waive his right and file a bill of exceptions. But the South is wasting millions every year by refusing to educate its colored population, and there never can be a permanent and coherent New South that is not founded on a stable political and educational system.

MR. CABLE puts the real problem in most felicitous epigrammatic form. It is not, he says, a question of the negroes' right to rule over the whites, but to have their voice as to the men who shall rule over themselves! The Bourbons may safely be challenged to traverse this, and show wherein it is an unjust or an unfair statement of the problem. The white manclaims the right to say who shall rule over him; the negro is entitled to the same right, which is granted by the constitution, but denied him by the Bourbons. It is not whether the negro shall rule the whites—not by any manner of means; and if the Southern Democrats could look at the matter dispassionately, they would see that no such result would follow, were they to drop their practical nullification of the United States constitution, and grant their colored fellow-citizens the rights that are justly theirs.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to end us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

INTERNAL dissensions in a prosperous church at Massillon has resulted in a threat to lock the doors of the house of the Lord, and a mighty power in a community is waning, and may fall. So long as men defile the sanctuary by descending to low levels and adopting petty means to subserve selfish ends, and then have the impudent audacity to implore the Lord in high sounding prayers in public places that it may all redound to His glory, the millenium will be but a hope, faint and foriorn.

MR. MATTHEWS, first comptroller of the Treasury, has given an opinion that the increased rate of compensation of third-class postmasters under the act of March 3, 1883, readjusting the salaries of postmasters, does not commence until their commissions are issued by the President and they have taken the oath of office. It was claimed by some of the postmasters that the increased compensation began from the date of the order by the postmaster-general changing the offices to third class. A great many officials and a large amount of money are affected by this decision.

SINCE the issue of the circular of April 17, 1889, the Treasury department has purchased $56,849,250 4 per cent and $95,429,700 4½ per cent bonds, or a total of $153,278,950, at a cost of $73,034,121 for the 4s and $104,277,027 for 4½ percents. The purchases from August 3, 1887, to and including August 17, 1889, aggregated $177,624,800, at a cost of $204,514,871. These bonds would have cost $240,543,277 at maturity, so that the saving has been $36,028,405. Pretty good showing.

MRS. MAYBRICK's sentence of death, it is claimed to have been officially announced in London, has been commuted to imprisonment for life, and the sentimentalists who worked so hard for her on the grounds of her innocence are doubtless happy and once again possess their uplifted souls in peace. And this action of the authorities on that side of the water, coupled with the efforts of the White Caps on this, will tend to make the sweet mistresses of the home more arrogant than ever.

THE operators of the Illinois coal mines are now making preparations to import miners from other states to take the places of the starving unfortunates who have been making the fight against a reduction of wages. They have refused to submit the controversy to arbitration. The great free trader, WILLIAM L SCOTT, of Pennsylvania, GROVER CLEVELAND's friend, is very largely interested in these mines, and is bitterly opposing any concessions to the miners.

COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT, on behalf of the Civil Service commissioner, is urging an amendment of the rules so as to bring the chiefs of divisions in the departments at Washington within the scope of the classified service, and providing that in no case shall they be appointed except by promotion from the ranks. With the present commission, the cause of civil service cannot help making progress under President HARRISON's administration.

THE New Jersey Republicans are feeling tolerably certain of carrying that state this fall, now that the rival Democratic candidate for that party's nomination for the governorship has withdrawn in favor of LEON ABBETT. New Jersey has been steadily coming over toward Republicanism for some time, and it is altogether likely she will cross the line this fall.

THE present strength of the Grand Army of the Republic is 413,228 members, an increase of about 59,000 during the past year. These are the men the mugwump and soldier-hating press anathematize as "coffee-coolers," "sutlers," "camp-followers," "pension thieves," etc. Is it any wonder that mugwumpery don't thrive?

ALL of the constitutional conventions in the four new states have made liberal provisions for popular education. The non-progressive Bourbons of the South should take a hint.

THE Republicans are the first in the field with their state tickets in North Dakota and Montana, and they will be first to elect their candidates, too.

MAHONE was unanimously nominated for Governor by the Republicans of Virginia. If they will all pull together, he will be triumphantly elected.

MR. KNOX'S SECOND.

"Oriental Thieves"—A Story of Life Among the Cannibals Next Week.

After an attentive reading of Mr. THOS. W. KNOX's article, given on the fifth page of this issue of the Weekly BLADE, on "Oriental Thieves," we are certain that our myriad readers will agree with us that it is both novel and interesting. Mr. KNOX has "belted the world" in his travels; he is by no means one of those "who, having eyes, see not; and, having ears, hear not." On the contrary, he not only sees and hears, but he remembers; and withal he has the happy faculty of relating his experiences in a manner which interests as well as entertains the reader.

In our next issue we shall give another of Mr. KNOX's articles. This time it is a short story of adventure, entitled "Captured by Cannibals; a Seaman's Tale of Adventure in the Feejees." Mr. KNOX has visited the Feejee (or Fiji) islands, and hence the story is correct as to scenery and other points. It is widely different from the two articles we have so far given from his pen, but it will be found equally as readable; while for those fond of stories of adventure it will no doubt be still more interesting.

We hope the readers of THE BLADE appreciate the efforts we are making to furnish them with the best obtainable literary matter. Mr. KNOX stands at the head of American writers of his school, and we feel assured our readers will be willing to accord him that place as their acquaintance with him increases.

THE CENSUS EMPLOYES.

It has been decided that the persons employed in the next census, to be taken in 1890, shall not be included in the "classified service," and hence will not be subject to a civil service examination. The grounds on which this decision is based are excellent. First, the superintendent of the census is given, necessarily, large powers, in order that this most important work shall be well handled, and is held responsible for the accuracy and quality of the result. The persons employed are not a permanent part of the civil service of the country. The greater number of them by far are employed but a brief period—from a month to six weeks. Of the employes in the Washington office, a great many will not be needed for more than six months, and probably there will be very few whose term of service will extend over more than two years. As the civil service law provides for a six-months' probationary period of service, it will be seen that it would be foolish to test a man for six months to learn if he is fit for one month's or

EUROPEAN LETTERS.

Mr. Robinson Locke's Series of Illustrated Letters From Europe.

Private letters received from Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE inform us that he is so busy sight-seeing, and in meeting old friends and renewing pleasant acquaintances, made several years ago, on the occasion of his former European sojourn, that he will not be able to begin his promised series of letters for two or three weeks yet. He speaks of the abundance of excellent material he is collecting, and we are certain THE BLADE's readers will not be the losers by the brief delay. His headquarters are at Hamburg, and he will spend about two months among the people of Northern Germany. His series of letters for THE BLADE will be

Illustrated by Photographs Taken on the Spot.

These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American readers about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE (Nasby), and thus had an unequaled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE's graphic letters

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXI.

GOING TO FIGHT MIT SIGEL.

BY JOHN P. POOLE.

Air—"The girl I Left Behind Me."

I've come shoost now to tell you how
I goes mit regimentals
To "schlag" dem foes of liberty
Like dose olt Continentals,
Vot fights mit England long ago,
To save dot Yankee eagle!
Und ven I gets mine soljer clothes,
I'm going to fight mit Sigel!

CHORUS:—Yaw, das is drue I schpeaks mit you;
I'm going to fight mit Sigel!

Ven I comes from the Deutsch countree
I vork somedimes mit bakin';
Den I keeps a lager-bier saloon,
Und den I goes shoemakin';
But now I vas a soljer been,
To save dot Yankee eagle;
To "schlag" dem tam secession volks,
I'm going to fight mit Sigel!

I gets ein tam pig rifle-guns,
Und puts him on mine shoulder;
Den march so bold like a big jack-horse,
Und maybe somedings bolder!
I goes off mit der volunteers
To save dot Yankee eagle;
To give dem repel fellers fits,
I'm going to fight mit Sigel!

Dem Deutscher mans mit Sigel's pand
At fighting have no rival;
Und ven Cheff Davis's mans we meet
Ve "schlag" dem like der tuyfel!
Dere's only vun ting vot I fear
Ven pattling for der eagle—
I von't get any lager bier
Ven I goes to fight mit Sigel!

For rations dey gif salty pork;
I dinks it vos a great sell!
I petter likes der sauer kraut,
Der Schweitzer kase und pretzel!
If "Fighting Joe" vill gif us dem,
We'll safe der Yankee eagle;
Und I'll put my frow in breechaloons,
To go und fight mit Sigel!

THE GRANT BOYS IN BLUE.

BY J. PUGH.

Air—"Red, White and Blue."

America, land of bright freedom,
No longer scorned by a slave,
When tyrants denounce, never heed them,
But up with the flag of the brave.
It shone o'er our ranks in dark danger,
When missiles of death 'round us flew,
To shukking and fear 'tis a stranger,
When borne by the Grant Boys in Blue.

CHORUS—
When borne by the Grant Boys in Blue,
When borne by the Grant Boys in Blue,
To shukking and fear 'tis a stranger,
When borne by the Grant Boys in Blue.

When rebels our Union to sever,
Made war o'er the land and the seas,
Not an inch would we yield them, no never,
But th ew out our flag to the breeze,
Around it the valor took rally,
Their fealty to freedom renew,
On the march, in the battle and sally,
Shone the flag of the Grant Boys in Blue.

At Shiloh, at Vicksburg, at Lookout,
At Donelson, pelted by storm,
We bore it o'er rampart and redoubt,
Gave victory a luster and form,
In the Wilderness, constant in battle,
Through weeks of dread conflict it flew,
'Twas seen in the midst of war's rattle,
Proudly borne by the Grant Boys in Blue,
Proudly borne, &c.

No field but as victors we bore it,
When Grant our great leader was there,
Richmond fell (only traitors deplore it),
Appomattox saw Lee in despair.
Grant and victory, nothing could sever,
Grant and victory, the boast of the true,
The Army and Navy forever,
Huzza for the Grant Boys in Blue.
Huzza for the Grant Boys in Blue, &c.

Now all who have fought for the nation,
Perilled life on the land or the sea,
Strike again for your country's salvation,
Follow Grant and the flag of the free.
Gather 'round them again in your might,
Though traitors should scowl at the view,
Once more put the gray backs to flight,
Three cheers for the Grant Boys in Blue.
Three cheers, &c.

THE SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

"Kiss my little brother and sister, and tell them I died for my country."

On the field of battle, mother,
All that night alone I lay,
Angels watching o'er me, mother,
Till the breaking of the day.
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
Till to our dear old cottage, mother,
Boy again, I seemed to come.

He to whom you taught me, mother,
On my infant knees to pray,
Kept my heart from fainting, mother,
When the vision pass'd away.
In the gray of morning, mother,
Comrades bore me to the town;
From my bosom tender fingers
Washed the blood that trickled down.

I must soon be going, mother,
Going to the home of rest.
Kiss me as of old, my mother,
Press me nearer to your breast;
Would I could repay you, mother,
For your faithful love and care;
God uphold and bless you, mother,
In this bitter woe you bear.

Kiss for me my little brother;
Kiss my sister, loved so well;
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them how their brother fell.
Tell to them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country,
All from love to her and God.

Leaning on the merit, mother,
Of the One who died for all,
Peace is in my bosom, mother—
Hark! I hear the angels call!
Don't you hear them singing, mother?
Listen to the music's swell!
Now I leave you, loving mother—
God be with you; fare you well!

A $25,000 Lump of Ambergris.

The schooner Fannie Chase, owned by Lewis, Chase & Whitten, of Portland, Me., sailed into port the other day with something unusual in its cargo. Just outside the harbor the lookout saw a peculiar substance floating in the water and hauled it on board to get a better view of it. Then it was seen that the prize was a lump of ambergris. It weighed two-thirds of a barrel and is worth $25,000. The owners of the vessel will take half the prize and the crew, numbering 15, will divide the other half.—*Portland Press.*

An August Night.

Fair Luna in the heavens glowing,
Her light on the piazza throwing,
A single rocking chair.
A hand a soft and white hand pressing,
An arm a slender waist caressing,
A head with rippling hair.
Contented on a shoulder lying,
On wings of bliss the moments flying—
Oh! who would not be there!
—*Boston Courier.*

Not So Far.

Mamie—"I wonder how far it is up to heaven?" Tom—"Only one flight up."—*Terre Haute Express.*

ORIENTAL THIEVES.

The Story of a Hot Night in the City of Bombay.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMBODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

THOUGH it was in February, it was a warm night in Bombay, and I slept with my window open. The window was really a door, opening on a balcony which extended quite around the hotel. Every story was provided with a balcony and every room had a window similar to mine. I locked my watch and other valuables in my trunk, with the exception of two or three dollars worth of small silver that I left in my trousers. My bunch of keys was between the mattresses in the middle of the bed, and I flattered myself that any thief who wanted to invade the trunk would be obliged to wake me and ask for the key before he could get it. The moon was shining, and when I went to bed a strong breeze was blowing from the west and rushing pleasantly in at the window. The day had been a weary one and I retired soon after 9 o'clock, and I was not long in falling asleep.

Dreaming that I was having a struggle with brigands on one of the mountain roads of India, I waked suddenly about 11 o'clock and raised my head slightly from the pillow. The foot of the bed was toward the window; my trunk stood against the foot of the bed and my clothes were lying upon the trunk. Something white was fluttering between me and the window; I thought it was the curtain agitated by the wind, and fell back satisfied that my dream was without cause. No, I was not quite satisfied, and, taking a second look, discovered that what I had mistaken for the curtain was the figure of a man clad in the white frock which is the universal garment of the native servant in India. My waking had disturbed him, and he was making for the door. I endeavored to catch him, but he had the start, and, besides, I was impeded by the mosquito netting that surrounded the bed. By the time I reached the window he was out of sight, around the corner, and I realized that pursuit was hopeless. He could have led me around the hotel as many times as I chose to follow, and I might as well have tried to catch him on a race course as on that balcony. Furthermore, he had the advantage of climate, knowledge of the balcony, possibly of youth and flexibility of limb, and certainly of avoirdupois. So I returned to my room, struck a light and investigated.

The rascal had thoroughly gone through my garments. Every letter in my coat had been opened in his search for bank notes; the little odds and ends of things a traveler carries in his pocket were scattered on the floor near the trunk, and I silently thanked him for leaving those trifling articles which, though useless to him, were valuable to me. Pocket scissors, pin cushion, eye glasses, cigar case, pencil, toothpicks, all were there, and also a box of anti-fever pills, such as most travelers in India find wise to have always about them. Evidently he did not believe in taking fever pills, as he had disdained to take mine. The small silver was gone, and so was my pocket knife, and my loss was of little consequence.

The second room from mine was occupied by a captain in her majesty's service in India, and I had previously seen that his native servant slept on the balcony. The captain stayed late at his mess generally reaching the hotel after midnight, though the servant, after finishing the unpacking of my clothes, returned to the balcony. The captain had not come home, as the light of the full moon showed his room to be empty. The servant's bed on the balcony was tenantless, and as I looked at it I saw some white spots on the dark flooring on either side of the bed. Examination revealed several coins, and I gathered from the spot all, or nearly all, my missing silver, but found no trace of the knife. Satisfied that I had ascertained the thief, I returned to bed and slept soundly. The next forenoon I told the captain of my adventure. He listened with great attention, and then said:

"If you are positive it was my servant I'll discharge him at once. I've had him six years, and do not know that he has stolen anything from me; but these Indian servants will be entirely honest with their employers, and protect them from robbery, while perfectly ready to steal from anybody else. We trust them with everything—money, clothing, jewelry and

"I'LL DISCHARGE HIM AT ONCE."

all else. If they steal at all from us it is only in small and regular sums, say a rupee or two a week, and it is very rarely that you hear of a servant absconding with his master's money in a lump. But while my man is faithful to me, I've not the least doubt he would rob you, and if you say it was he that entered your room I'll discharge him, as I said before."

"But that I cannot say," I answered. "My case is one of testimony without evidence. I can only declare it was a native, in native dress. I've hardly been long enough in India to distinguish the individuality of these people at a hasty glance, especially under the circumstances. I can't identify the man, and your servant can remain undisturbed in his place."

"Thank you," said the captain, "I should regret losing him. Suppose we take a peg to better acquaintance?"

A "peg" in the Anglo-Indian vocabulary means brandy and soda, and the polite invitation could not be refused, as the sun was waking hot. And while we were engaged in the deglutition of the twin pegs in the bar-room of the Esplanade hotel the captain hinted that it was very fortunate for me I did not overtake the robber. "He would have put a knife into you without the least hesitation," he continued; "and these fellows are very skillful with that weapon when their safety depends upon its use. Next time you find one of them in your room don't do anything more than frighten him, and if you pretend to follow, give him plenty of chance to get away. You can thus save your reputation without a risk of harm, as he'll make the best possible use of his heels and you could catch a monkey about as readily."

I accepted his advice and determined to follow it, but did not have any subsequent occasion for putting it into practice.

The captain told of some of the exploits of the native thieves, and assured me he was speaking the words of truth and soberness. I am certain of the latter, as it was his first drink that day. "You may have heard," he said, "that an Indian thief will steal the sheet from under a sleeping man without waking him. The story sounds ridiculous, but I know it's true, as I lost £5 on a bet that it couldn't be done, soon after I came to India. I made the bet with the senior captain of my regiment, and the only stipulation was that I should not harm the thief in case of waking suddenly while he was at work.

"The sheet on which I slept was marked so that it could be positively identified. Before going to bed I examined it carefully, and, on getting up in the morning, saw the sheet was still there. I smiled triumphantly, and already felt the £5 note in my fingers, when there was a rap on the door. Opening it, I received a bundle from the hands of my senior's servant, and opening the bundle, I found the marked sheet. Then I looked at the bed and found another sheet. My bet of £5 was lost.

"We breakfasted at the mess, and as I paid my wager I begged an explanation of the trick, avowing that the knowledge would be worth the money. The senior readily told me, and since then I've more than made myself even by making the same bet with newly arrived subs.

"This is the way it is done. In summer in this hot climate you never have any covering besides your pajamas, or sleeping dress. You lie on the sheet, which is spread on the mattress, and take any position you choose. Mosquitoes are abundant, and the buzzing of these pests is too frequent to be noticed. The thief comes to your bedside armed only with a feather. He imitates the buzzing of a mosquito, and at the same time tickles you with the feather until you turn to one side of the bed, but without waking. When you are beyond the middle of the bed he gently rolls the sheet until it is close to you, and then he goes to the other side of your couch and, with buzz and feather, at length causes you to turn the other way. When you have rolled yourself clear of the sheet he gathers it up, and if he is on a real plundering expedition he is off at once. But when we make a bet with our friends we generally have another sheet put in the place of the stolen one, which is done by a continuance of the process I've described.

"Suppose you have a white or gray horse. A thief will steal it, and in a few days later a roan or bay horse will be offered you by a dealer who has heard of your loss. Perhaps you buy the animal, and set your syce to scrubbing him. Out comes the color, and you discover that you have bought the property which was appropriated from you, and has been skillfully dyed. The horse may be stolen while the syce is asleep at his side. Two men work together in horse stealing, and, while one imitates the action of the animal in pulling the halter and stamping on the ground, the other leads away the prize. I need not say that the work is performed by men who have had a good deal of experience around horses, and in nine cases out of ten they are syces or grooms out of employment. Before starting on their expeditions they grease themselves from head to foot, so that in case they are seized they cannot be held. You have a proverb which says 'slippery as an eel.' It applies admirably to East Indian horse thieves.

"There is a story of an officer who used to put his writing-desk under his pillow. It contained his papers and money, and he felt sure it could not be taken without wakening him. One morning it was gone, and he had not been disturbed. He offered ten rupees to any one who would tell how the trick was performed, and it was explained to him. The thieves had observed his care of the box, and concluded it was worth stealing. They crept silently to his bedside, and one of them slipped his hand under the pillow and held up the officer's head until his confederate had removed the desk. Then the head of the sleeper was allowed to go down so gently that he was not awakened.

"They rob houses by tunneling under the walls or making holes through them large enough to admit one of the robbers, who passes the plunder outside to his confederates. Those fellows work in gangs that are held together by fearful oaths, and they rarely betray each other. One night a gentleman near Madras heard some robbers digging a tunnel under his house, and sat down to meet them. An opening was made, and a man came through. As he saw the owner he dived into the hole and tried to escape, but the gentleman was too quick for him. He seized the fellow's legs and held on in spite of the grease. The man's comrades pulled at his head and shoulders, but to no purpose, and finally they ran away and left him to be drawn inside by the gentleman, who discovered that

HIS PRISONER WAS HEADLESS.

"Fearful of his identification, or that he might turn state's evidence to save himself, they had cut off his head and carried it away with them. One might say in the words of the old woman in Scotland who was telling how the chief of her clan was beheaded, 'It was nae mickle o' an head, to be sure, but 'twas a sair loss to the puir mon.' But I must be off to the barracks at Colaba. Good morning."

And so we separated.

"IDAHO."

Something Authentic About the Origin of the Name.

From time to time something appears in the public prints connecting the name of Joaquin Miller with the origin of the word "Idaho" in which it is always claimed that the word in question resulted from an interview which Miller had with Col. Craig while both were traveling through the Nez Perce country in the summer of 1861, says the *Idaho Statesman*. Miller is said to give Col. Craig credit for composing the word from elements found in the Nez Perce language and which Craig is said to have first pronounced Edaho, applying the word to the appearance of a neighboring mountain, upon whose summit something was seen to glisten like a diamond or gem. This was no doubt the origin of the Miller-Craig gem of the mountains, but not of the genuine article nor of the word "Idaho."

In the spring of 1860, several months before the discovery of gold had attracted the "poet of the Sierras" into the Nez Perce country, a steamboat was built at the upper cascades on the Columbia river under the auspices of the Oregon steam navigation company; and when the steamer was launched the word Idaho appeared in its appropriate place as the name of the vessel. The definition of the word then given to the world was "gem of the mountains," and the word was then said to have been taken from the language of one of the Indian tribes inhabiting that portion of the Columbia river valley. Some efforts have been made to find out who it was that first suggested that name for the steamer, but thus far without success.

The steamer Idaho plied upon the waters of the Columbia during the spring, summer and autumn of 1860, and its name was quite familiar to all who traveled through the country that year. When it became necessary to find a name for the new territory, which was organized in March, 1863, somebody, probably Salucius Garfield, suggested the name of the old steamboat that had been long since used up and relegated to the "bone yard."

Small Potatoes.

"How dare you treat me thus?" he wrote,
"You saucy little shrew!
To call me small potatoes, just
Because I'm mashed on you."

She seized the pen in wilful mood,
And these lines off she dashed,
"The smaller the potatoes are
The easier they're mashed."
—*Wilkesbarre Leader.*

Punishment Fits the Crime.

"Well," said Uncle Hiram, who used to belong to a singing club in his early days, "I never heard a woman play like that woman we heard in Boston that night. It was just awful. My ears ache even now." "Yes," replied his nephew, "she was rather loud, that's a fact. But then her execution—" "G eorge," exclaimed the old gentleman, as he seized his nephew by the arm, "you don't mean to say that they went so far as that? Well, 'tisn't for me to judge them. I only heard her once. It seems terrible—a woman, too; but then they had to listen to her every night. And they won't have to hear her again. Perhaps it is all for the best, George."—*Boston Transcript.*

Hot Weather in Russia.

The heat in southern Russia this season has been the most intense ever known there. Deaths from sunstroke occur almost daily, even among the native laborers. For ten days, according to a London *Times* correspondent, the thermometer at Odessa did not register less than 144 deg. at noon, and one day it was 150 deg. in the shade. Out of the reach of artificial irrigation all vegetation is parched and withered. The nights are so sultry that sleep is almost impossible. In twenty days no less than thirty-eight cases of hydrophobia occurred among dogs.

Mysteries of Navigation.

Sweet girl (in a rowboat)—What is this place in the back of the boat for?

Nice young man—That is to put an oar in when you want to scull the boat. Rowing requires both oars, one on each side; but in sculling one oar only is used. That is placed at the back and worked with one hand.

Sweet girl (after meditation)—I wish you would try sculling for awhile.—*New York Weekly.*

General John C. Fremont is now 78 years old, and his friends say he looks good for ten or fifteen years more.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Georgia "Cavaliers!"
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In seeking to justify the recent effigy-burning folly at Atlanta, the *Constitution* unfortunately asserts that the Indians were better treated by the Cavaliers of Georgia than by the Puritans of New England. As a matter of fact, Georgia never had any Cavaliers, having been settled by insolvent debtors and idle, thriftless ne'er-do-wells; and in the next place, her dealings with the Creeks and Cherokees were characterized, according to the historians, by the most scandalous avarice, treachery and inhumanity.

The Only Kingly Power.
New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The only semblance of kingly power in this country is that which the people confer upon their judges of final decree. And the people, who voluntarily give them this authority, in their official capacity, will always see that their persons are afforded protection equal to the sanctity of kings.

McKinley a Favorite.

Major McKinley feels it in his bones that he is going to be the Speaker of the next House. "West Virginia Republicans will not rise up in revolt," says the Wheeling *Intelligencer*. "In this neck of the woods McKinley is looked on as all wool and a yard wide."

Oh, Fie, Major Bickham!
Dayton Journal.

It is curious how sensitive the southern chivalry are about associations with negroes in view of the fact that before the Democratic rebellion there was hardly a young scion of chivalry who was not intimate with a "wench."

Justice Field and Cyrus W.

THERE are some queer comments in England on the killing of Terry. The London *Daily News* says, for instance, that "It may help Nagle to justify it, to plead that he was defending a brother of Cyrus W. Field, one of the most eminent citizens of the republic." The *News* is thinking of Cyrus as the English remember him, when he was the hero of the first Atlantic cable, 30 years ago.

The Grass Widow.
New York Sun.

To flirt with her may seem no sin,
One's apt such follies to defend;
It's funny how such things begin,
But often funnier how they end.

Holding Them to the Record.
Ohio State Journal.

Eight or ten English manufacturers of iron have agreed to advance the wages of their workmen, and thereupon the Ohio free trade brethren triumphantly claim that protection has no other effect than to reduce wages. They point to free-trade England as evidence of the fact.

The brethren neglect to notice the fact that some eighteen months ago the English iron-workers submitted to a reduction of wages, and that the present advance barely covers that reduction.

They also neglect to state that, even with the advance in wages, English iron and steel workers receive 40 per cent less compensation for their labor than is paid in the United States for like services—receive 35 to 40 per cent less than was offered by Carnegie & Phipps and refused by American workmen.

New York's Mean Politics.
Minneapolis Journal.

If politics in any state is a meaner mess than in New York, it is yet to be learned. How long will the nation be compelled to be nauseated with these New York politicians and their methods? As long as that state is the pivot of national elections—and no longer. And the pivotal power of New York will vanish in a few years—perhaps in 1892—not later than 1902. Political power is steadily moving westward and when it once gets here Tammany Hall and the New York custom house will sink into deserved obscurity.

War-Time Prophets.
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Twenty-five years ago the London *Times* seconded the cry of leading Democrats in the United States and declared again and again that "the United States could never if it would and would never if it could, pay its bonded debts. Where are all those prophets now? And the people will likely ask, What party in the United States has made the nation so prosperous that instead of an "impoverished treasury," as the *Times* foretold, it is "the great surplus in the Treasury" complained of?

The Atlanta Row.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, Democratic, in its comment upon the row in Atlanta over the appointment of a colored man as a postoffice clerk, says: "The occurrence shows that race prejudices survive in the South to an extent which can hardly be appreciated at the North. The surprising thing is that under the circumstances any pretense to the contrary should be offered. While an advance has in some respects been made from the conditions which prevailed before the war, the disposition on the part of the whites to invest the blacks with high political trusts is no more marked now than it was 50 years ago."

Far-Fetched.

There was a young fellow of Ga.,
To know him, no joy 'twould affa—
He called one whole day
On a lady, they say,
And then remarked, "Hope I hain't ba—"
—*Drake's Magazine.*

The Race Line.
Boston Herald.

It is announced that the Virginia Democrats propose to give the tariff a rest in their impending campaign, and make the fight on the race line. Reviving what ought to be a dead issue and substituting for it a live one may be shrewd politics from the Virginia standpoint, but from other points of view it looks like a piece of folly.

Protection and the Home Market.
New York Press.

Every farmer knows how much of a tax on him is the question of finding a market and of getting to the market after he finds it. The granger movement against railroad extortion some years ago was an unconscious admission that protection benefits the farmer, because it said in the plainest of words that the cost of reaching his market was of vital importance to him. When that market is so near that the cost is practically nothing—in other words, when the farmer has a home market because of industrial communities close by, there is an immense difference in his favor; and protection develops these industrial communities and this difference.

The Democratic Trust Barons.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* rises to remark that "Coal Baron Scott, Sugar Baron Havemyer, Railroad Baron Brice, Salt Baron Burt, Standard Oil Barons Payne and Whitney, and two out of every three other monopolists and plutocrats of the country are leading members of the Democratic party. The trust party was beaten last November at the polls; and the trusts will be knocked out as soon as the Republicans in Congress get at them."

National Greatness in a Nut Shell.
Cincinnati Enquirer.

There are 346,000 miles of railroad lines in the world, and the United States has built 150,000 miles of them, having a mileage of 20,000 in excess of all the nations of Europe.

Something to Fall Back Upon.
Minneapolis Tribune.

The Republicans feel pretty certain of carrying New Jersey, now that Young has with drawn from the gubernatorial race in favor of Abbett. They consider the latter a mighty weak candidate just now. It is fortunate for the Democrats that they carried Kentucky, for they don't seem destined to carry any other state this year. Meanwhile Mr. Cleveland fishes and Mr. Hill saws wood.

A Battle-Cry.
Albany Express.

The Democratic battle-cry is a glorious one; "Rob the taxpayers and get drunk!"

The New York Democrats on "Sumptuary Laws."

The Troy, N. Y., *Times* reminds the people that "sumptuary laws or regulations are such as restrain or limit the expenses of citizens in apparel, food, furniture or the like. This is the literal dictionary definition. The call for the Democratic state convention asks for the co-operation of all who are opposed to 'sumptuary laws.' Is there a sumptuary law in existence in this state? Has there been a sumptuary law here for a hundred years or more? Would the people for a moment tolerate the enforcement of a sumptuary law? No, and the man who drew up that call knows it. But anything that legitimately curbs or restrains liquor selling and closes the low dives and groggeries threatens danger to the party, so the hypocritical term 'sumptuary laws' is conjured up to hide the real purpose of the call."

Amelie Rive's Model.
Minneapolis Tribune.

Recent advices from Paris confirm the report that Amelie Rives will abandon literature for art.

Whether it is true or not that she is herself the central figure of her best known stories, we have no right to say; but that it is true of one of her paintings—strikingly true—there can be no doubt, as she is not only the central but the only figure life-sized and without even the troublesome details of draperies. A looking glass furnished her model.

MADE RICH BY GIRARD.

A Hint as Good as a Fortune to the Old Man's Drayman.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Seeing a story about old Stephen Girard the other day, reminded me of an incident that shows one of his peculiarities. Girard had a drayman who was a decidedly poor man. One day the drayman, who was an industrious, bright fellow, with a good many mouths to fill at home, was heard to remark that he wished he was rich. "What's that?" sharply said Girard, who heard the grumble. "O," said the man, "I was only wishing I was rich." "Well, why don't you get rich?" said the millionaire, harshly. "I don't know how without money," returned the drayman. "You don't need money," said Girard. "Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money, I won't let the grass grow before trying it," returned the other. "There is going to be a ship-load of condemned tea sold at auction to-morrow at the wharf; go down there and buy it and then come to me." The man laughed. "I have no money to buy a ship-load of tea with," he said. "You don't need any money, I tell you," snapped the old man. "Go down and bid on the whole cargo and then come to me." The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A large crowd of retailers were present, and the auctioneer said that those bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole ship-load, and the bidding would be on the pound. He then began the sale. A retail grocer started the bidding and the drayman raised him. On seeing this the crowd gazed with no small amount of surprise. When the case was knocked down to the drayman the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer only desired the one case. "I'll take the whole shipload," coolly returned the successful bidder. The auctioneer was astonished, but on some one whispering to him that it was Girard's man who was the speaker his manner changed, and he said he supposed it was all right. The news soon spread that Girard was buying tea in large quantities, and the next day the price rose several cents. "Go and sell your tea," said Girard to the drayman the next day. The drayman was shrewd, and he went out and made contracts with several brokers to take the stock at a shade below the market price, thereby making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth $50,000.

JERUSALEM.

The City of David as It Exists To-Day.

The town is as compact to-day as it was when David thrummed upon his harp and the tribes not only of Palestine, but of all the world, came here to worship. There are magnificent monasteries scattered throughout the city and on the very top of the Mount of Olives a great Russian church lifts its bulbous domes toward heaven. In the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ spent the night before he was crucified, there is a resting-place for pilgrims and the Roman Catholics have 1,500 brothers and sisters in their monasteries and convents, while the old Armenian church has a fine monastery near the gate of Zion, which contains 180 monks, and which can accommodate 2,000 pilgrims. There are Greek Christians here by the thousands and there are Syrians and Copts by the hundreds. There are Abyssinian priests with faces as black as your hat and you may see every costume and hear every language in the worshippers who gather around the holy sepulcher. The Jerusalem of to-day is the Mecca of millions of souls. It is to hundreds of millions the holiest spot on the face of the earth. And among the others whom I have met in Palestine is the party of American Roman Catholics, the first pilgrimage of the kind ever made to the holy city by a band from the United States. It is, above all, a religious city, and, stranger than all, it is again becoming a city of the Jews. The Jews are fast coming back into Palestine, and the Jews of Jerusalem, who now make up a large part of the city, are not different from their brothers in any other part of the world. Their movement toward the holy land is strange and their life here is so interesting that I have made it the subject of investigation.—*F. G. Carpenter.*

Children as Tobacco Users.
Philadelphia Inquirer.

One of the earliest symptoms is the well known "tobacco heart" of smokers and tobacco operatives; another is the defective vision or blindness that it produces; nor is this all, for it often occasions death, especially in children. I myself know of several instances, one particularly vivid case being that of a young boy who died of nicotine poisoning due entirely to cigarette smoking. Very many of the deaths from tobacco are not recognized by the general practitioner, and are supposed to be due to bad air, poor food, summer heat, and so on. Not a single organ of the entire body escapes the damaging effects of tobacco, and no legislature can enact too stringent measures to prevent its use by all minors.

A Historic Flag.

Some months ago a silk flag, supposed to be the one that draped the casket of Abraham Lincoln during the journey from Washington to Springfield, was placed in a glass-covered frame and given a prominent position in the office of the secretary of War. War department officials were not certain, however, that the flag was the one it was supposed to be, and an element of uncertainty surrounded its position in the secretary's office. To-day the uncertainty was set at rest by the discovery in the folds of the flag of a card signed by Adjt.-Gen. Townsend, stating that it was the identical flag used to drape President Lincoln's casket.—*Washington Correspondent Philadelphia Press.*

The Fountain Head.

Johnnie has lately taken root rapidly in the educational line, and thinks there is nothing quite so grand as studying the big dictionary. But this doesn't offset his appetite for watermelon, and one day his sister became alarmed at the amount of this vegetable he was getting away with. "Don't eat any more of it, Johnny," she said; "you'll be sick." "Won't you please look in the dictionary, sister, and see if I've had enough."—*Buffalo Express.*

He Filled the Bill.

Ohdaha papa—I cannot consent to your marrying my daughter until I am assured of your financial standing, as I am anxious to have her well provided for. She has already refused the offers of a real estate baron, a bank director and a railway president. What is your business?

Suitor—I'm a plumber.

Ohdaha papa—She's yours.—*Omaha World.*

Wished he Were a Report.

Batchelder—You are a member of a young ladies' society, aren't you?

Miss Hauteur—Yes.

Batchelder—When a committee reports favorably, what is done with the report?

Miss Hauteur—It is accepted.

Batchelder—Would I were a report, and you the only member present.—*Lawrence American.*

A Look Ahead.

Mother—Laura, you ought to make that young man of yours go home earlier.

Miss Laura—But we are engaged, mamma, and I don't see why——

Mother—You will get him into habits of staying out late that you will be sorry for some day, after the honeymoon is over.—*Terre Haute Express.*

She Would Get Even.

Madrid Comico.

"Then, my dear, you have really made up your mind to marry a widower?"

"Certainly."

"And does he never talk to you about his first wife?"

"I should like him to try. If he did, I should at once begin to tell him about my third husband."

WRETCHED RICH MEN.

Rolling in Wealth, Yet Unable to Enjoy It.

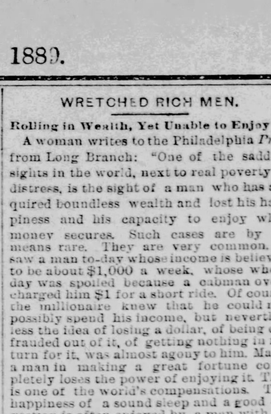
A woman writes to the Philadelphia *Press* from Long Branch: "One of the saddest sights in the world, next to real poverty or distress, is the sight of a man who has acquired boundless wealth and lost his happiness and his capacity to enjoy what money secures. Such cases are by no means rare. They are very common. I saw a man to-day whose income is believed to be about $1,000 a week, whose whole day was spoiled because a cabman overcharged him $1 for a short ride. Of course the millionaire knew that he could not possibly spend his income, but nevertheless the idea of losing a dollar, of being defrauded out of it, of getting nothing in return for it, was almost agony to him. Many a man in making a great fortune completely loses the power of enjoying it. This is one of the world's compensations. The happiness of a sound sleep and a good digestion is often enjoyed by a man with an empty purse, while the millionaire epicure has neither painless digestion by day nor healthy rest by night.

"I saw on the ocean drive this afternoon one of Philadelphia's richest men. He is one of those wretched old millionaires who have spent the best years of their life getting control of a bank, or a brewery, or a boom of some sort. He is sitting back in a corner of his swell landau now, and wondering what he did it for. He has a fine old face, a heavy gray mustache, bushy eye-brows and gold-rimmed eye-glasses. He is dressed carefully, and his face is absolutely empty of interest in anything. He can't even work any more. Because he has so much money all motive is gone. His wife? Oh, well, he loved his wife long ago and he bows to her now when he meets her in the hallway of his house, and they have never had a quarrel. Children? Yes, several of them. They used to be pretty, and were fond of him when they were babies. Then boarding school, college, balls, parties and checks, checks. Now he hardly knows anything about them. All sympathy is lost between them. Living under the same roof, their hearts are always wide apart. In fact, he doubts whether he has a heart at all."

Publishers' Column.

THE VICTOR WATCH—A GOOD TIME PIECE.

This watch sent postpaid by mail, with TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE one year, $5, or for a club of ten subscribers to WEEKLY BLADE, all at one time, we will send the watch free.



This watch has nickel movements, stem-winder and setter, jeweled cylinder movement, silverine case.

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 35 cents each.* When framed they are fine enough for anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

Washington Entering New York. Representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1789. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. (Will be ready soon.)

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare, No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1885, bespoken before it went to press, and added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $3.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ¼ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight a the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

TWENTY QUESTIONS.

Things to be Known bout Electricity and Its Work.

Scribner's Magazine.

1. How strong a current is used to send a message over an Atlantic cable? Thirty cells of battery only. Equal to 30 volts.

2. What is the longest distance over which conversation by telephone is daily maintained? About 750 miles, from Portland, Me., to Buffalo, N. Y.

3. What is the fastest time made by an electric rail

The Household.

MRS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

CAMPING-OUT DAYS.

Some Opinions Respecting its Vaunted Pleasures.

I think camping out is a delightful thing to do—in theory.

It always reminds me of the way two children, I used to know, liked things which I thought were desirable articles for them to eat: "It's real good, auntie, but I don't want any more now." And some way they never seemed to see an end to the "now."

Some people may like this sort of variety in their lives. I have heard very enthusiastic descriptions of bygone joys of this kind, but I always had a lurking suspicion that down deep in their hearts there was a groan of rejoicing that the experience for that time was over. It is the thing to like nature. I like it in the daytime when the sun is shining throng the trees, the shadows are dancing over the grass, the drowsy hum of insects is in the air, and the birds are singing high up in the heavens the songs that gush forth as if they would thus tell of the joy it is to live. I like wandering through the wild woods, with my feet sinking down into the soft green turf, peering into the leafy recesses for the shy blossoms that have hidden themselves away; like the silence broken only by the voices that peak a language I do not understand, but which, doubtless, is full of meaning; like the air that is free from the taint of the city's breath; but when night comes my desires turn to the sheltering walls of home, the pleasant family gathering around the table, and my own comfortable bed—especially the bed. Bugs and beetles, and worms are interesting, but I prefer to examine them in the day time, when I can have some sort of control over their wanderings. At night they are apt to presume upon their size and wander promiscuously over the person in a way that I object to. It may be squeamishness, but I never did like pre-empted beds, either in doors or in tents.

TRIED IT ONCE.

I tried camping out once. It was up in the mountains of Colorado. The scenery was beyond all expression grand; the air was as exhilarating as the magic waters from the fountain of youth; the sun shone brightly, and the breeze stole through the trees down into the little green dell where we were with a softness that spoke of a summer land of flowers. Through the day all went merry as a marriage bell, and had I been asked then of the pleasures of camping-out, I should have scoured the whole field of the English language to express my delight.

The evening came. The traditional camp fire was lighted, and the stories were told in the regulation way. Then wearied with the good time we had been having, we sought our rest, the feminines taking possession of one tent, the masculines, the other.

Time passed. Divested of whatever garments would impede our free respiration when lying down, we placed ourselves upon the bed of boughs that had been prepared for us.

Six damsels in a row were we
Reclining on a cedar tree.

It was there, limbs, trunks, knots, and all. At first each was conscious only of the fragrance of the freshly gathered leaves, and said her little prayers, with folded hands, as all good girls do when they get ready to go to sleep, and then became silent and motionless.

THAT TERRIBLE KNOT.

Did we slumber? I know how it was with myself. Just as the angels I was beginning to dream about had backed up a cloud carriage—they always have them made of clouds in dreams—for me to ride a thousand miles or so, I became suddenly conscious that a knot was growing in my side. At first it seemed about as large as a hickory nut, but it grew like Jack's bean stalk, and in a short space of time there as nothing else of size or importance in that tent but the one knot. Just I was deliberating over the ways and means of studying into its make-up and constitution—a love of natural history having, suddenly developed—without disturbing my neighbors, the one on my right began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness. Simultaneously the one on my left concluded to change her position, the final result being that I was left blanketless, but at entire liberty to pursue my investigations. In fact, I had more liberty than I needed for that, and filled in the time with a study of my own anatomy, which was brought forcibly to my attention. The night did finally come to an end, and the following day brought my camping out to an inglorious close, for I returned to civilization and have never tried it again.

IN THE REDWOODS.

I remember once seeing a camping party in California, up in the redwood forest of the North Pacific, which seemed to be having the gayest time possible, and I felt as if it might be a delightful thing to join them. It was a warm day, and the cool shadows of the overshadowing trees, the murmuring of the not-far-away river as it fretted o'er its rocky bed, the soft green grass, and the deep stillness, broken only by the merry voices continued to form a most attractive picture. And what a hearty, healthy looking crowd of people they were, who had been living this sylvan life for several weeks and intended to continue it several weeks longer.

California, however, at least that part of it, has one advantage for the campers-out, which many other localities have not, and which to me would be a very considerable one: There is no danger of rains to render everything sodden with water, but the air is clear and pure, and the sun shines brightly for weeks together. You need no rain-cloaks or umbrellas, no fires to dry things out, but can dwell in your "fugitive home under the greenwood" as safely sheltered as beneath the city roof where the storm season is passed.

I do not want to discourage anybody from trying this out-of-door life, for I was perhaps unfortunate in my experience. A thing which so many people heartily enjoy, or claim that they do, must have in it, after all, many elements of pleasure. It certainly is a complete change from indoor living, and is probably just what very many of us need, who have learned to depend too entirely upon what we call the comforts of civilization for our happiness. To be thrown out of our usual grooves, to rough it a little under the blue skies, in the bright sunshine, where the birds sing, and Nature holds untrammeled sway, will harm no one, and to many a weary brain-worker or tired housekeeper brings a new lease of life and energy. It gives, too, an opportunity for quiet self-communion, that can be obtained nowhere else, for the artificialities of society fall away, and the infinite seems so much nearer. People can forget for a time the rush of business, and the necessity of keeping abreast of the social tide. It matters little for the nonce who make up the royal "four hundred," for with nothing between one and the great heart of Nature, wealth and position, with the distinction which they give, fade into the back-ground. Place-ambitions seems ignoble, and the better things of greater worth. Few, indeed, are those who will not be roused to higher thoughts leading to higher living by this freedom from conventionalities, for in truth

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

NOW is the time to decorate the house and table with cut flowers, so that some hints in regard to their arrangement and preservation may be acceptable. Gather them in the morning while the dew is yet upon them, or if not, at evening after the sun has gone down. Put them loosely and gracefully into the vases, and stand them where they will not be in the draught. A little salt in the water is thought to keep them fresher, or a drop or two of ammonia. Sprinkle them through the day once or twice with cool water. If you want to keep them longer than one day, put them in a cool place, lay a damp cloth or paper over the flowers, and then cover them with a tight box or vessel to keep the air away. In the morning they should be fresh and bright.

When they begin to droop, change the water, clip the ends of the stems and they will seem to have a new lease of life.

PICTURE EMBROIDERY.—I have received many letters inquiring how to do picture embroidery and wishing me to send samples. Much as I wish to do so, it is impossible to answer so many letters. I will try to explain it the best I can through THE BLADE. The foundation may be of shaded satin, plain satin, sateen or any smooth finished material employed for fancy work. The decoration consists of a scene of flowers, figures or history, either stamped or drawn in outline on the fabric, and worked over with embroidery silks, flosses, etc., the dresses of the figures being made of silk, satin, plush or velvet. A handsome panel, representing Bo-peep before the loss of her sheep, shows her standing in the meadow with the flock around her. The background is worked with silk, and Bo-peep wears a costume of blue satin looped with ribbon roses. Her long crook is ornamented with a bow of real ribbon, and her position is extremely picturesque as she stands in the middle of her flock, plump little Southdowns, made of combed-out white lamb's wool, and having brown bead eyes. The background representing sunset is made of shaded red satin, which, by the way, is almost always used for this purpose in these needle pictures.—DE VERE FELO.

TIDY DESIGN ON BOLTING CLOTH. SPRAY OF FUCHSIAS.—This pattern, size 9x16, is a graceful and pretty one. The following colors and brushes will be needed: Red sable brushes Nos. 1, 3 and 5; Kremnitz white, geranium lake, rose madder, mauve lake, chrome green, No. 1 and 2; cadmium, lemon yellow; bottle of rectified turpentine. Stamp the design with black powder. Set it by pressing carefully with a moderately warm iron. Under the bolting cloth one thickness of clean, soft muslin should be placed. Fasten to the painting board at corners with thumb tacks. Natural flowers with purple centers will be of service in painting this design. Observe carefully the shadings of the leaves, and follow them as nearly as possible in your painting. Make up at least three shades for the leaves—one of emerald green and lemon yellow mixed, one of chrome green and raw emerald, and one of chrome green, lightened with white. Lay the colors on in firm, even strokes, using the rectified turpentine as a "mixer." For the stems and calices of the buds and blossoms use chrome green, and then use geranium lake to retouch when the chrome green is dry. Mix rose madder and rose madder and geranium lake for the sepals. Lay your color on to indicate as nearly as possible the grain of these parts. Thin the color first, after mixing it with a drop or two of turpentine. For the purple centers use the mauve lake, shading in a very little white. For the stamens use geranium lake. Finish the tidy with an edge of lace. Questions answered through this department, if accompanied by stamp for reply.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; k, knit; o, over; sl, slip; ins, insert.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, cretan stitch; sm st, smyrna stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

BABY'S CROCHETED SHOES.—I noticed a request for a pattern for a baby's crocheted shoe. I have one which I think is very pretty. Although I do not understand the abbreviations, I will try and make it plain. I use double zephyr of two colors. I think blue and straw color very pretty. Begin with a chain of 31 stitches and join the ends; then crochet around in every stitch of the chain the long scarf stitch, which is to throw the thread over the hook, then put the hook through the chain and pull the zephyr through the chain; then hook it through that stitch, then again through the stitch, and the loop on the needle; then again through the two remaining stitches on the needle; 2d round—Take the blue, put the hook between two long crochet stitche, not in the chain, but between them; draw the zephyr through, then draw the zephyr through the two stitches on the needle, then make 1 chain stitch, then miss 1 place and put your hook between the next, which divides the stitches into couples, and so on around, and you will have 15 couples of the long stitches; 3d—Same as firs. Use the light zephyr only make both long stitches in the 1 chain stitch by passing the hook under the chain stitch; 4th—Same as second; 5th—Same as third; 6th—Same as second; 7th—Same as third. Finish the top with a row of scallops of the blue. This completes the leg. Then for the foot break the thread and take the blue and commence at the starting point again. Crochet in 11 of the chain stitches the single crochet stitch, then count off 9 more stitches for the toe piece, and crochet it the Afghan stitch, or you can, if you prefer, crochet it the same as the leg. If you make it the Afghan stitch make the first row of the blue the 2nd of the light, and so on until you have 7 rows, then break your thread and commence back to the 11 stitches with the blue and go on around the toe piece and the heel. Crochet 3 rows clear around with the blue, then 2 rows of the light, then 4 more rows of the blue, commencing always at the middle of the heel with the different color. Now take it wrong side out and fold the edges together lengthwise of the foot and crochet them together. Now turn it right and finish by running a thick cord of the two zephyrs twisted together around the ankle and tying it in a bow. Small tassels of the zephyrs may also be added, or a narrow ribbon may be used instead. It is much prettier crocheted rather loose.—MRS. KITTIE HOWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT SHE THINKS.—I was very much interested in the article written by a temperance girl, in answer to your question, "Should young ladies receive special attention from gentlemen who occasionally indulge in a moderate use of intoxicating liquors?" I should earnestly and positively say, "No, they should not." I should not advise any young lady to receive special attention from any gentleman who occasionally drinks one glass of intoxicating liquor, for if he drinks one glass he, almost before he is aware of it, takes the second, thinking it no more harm than the one would be, and by and by he can, without much trouble drink the third and so on until he becomes a drunkard. Then he may lead others younger than he himself into the same broad road which he is so speedily traveling. How many young, innocent boys are coaxed into drinking by those older ones! And many a father who sometimes drinks strong liquor will give their little ones the stuff to taste; and the little one soon is fond of the liquor, and when older he will do as father does.

Of course we young ladies can use an influence over the gentlemen, and try to have them do away with the wine cup; but if we receive special attention from them they will think and perhaps say, "I can drink it if I choose, Miss —— will not give me up any way," so in that way we should be encouraging them. We know that we should terribly hate to have a drunken husband, but even if we do not marry the gentleman some girl may, and just think, for one moment, what a miserable life is before her.

I have heard of cases where the girl married and then reformed a drunkard, but I should not like to run such a risk as that, for if he does promise never to drink another glass of liquor after marriage, he is very apt to say or think, "I have you now, you are my wife, and I shall drink if I choose." I should like to read some more from the temperance girl and others on this subject, for it is one of great importance. —FLORENCE VESEY, Goshen, Ind.

DRESS REFORM AMONG COLLEGE GIRLS.—The most appreciative admirers of the directoire gown in its elegant simplicity are the college girls, and from the fact that a strict adherance to all of fashion's dictates is not a characteristic of this class, their immediate and universal approval of a new costume is the more noticeable. But this dress, with its many possibilities in the way of graceful outlines, meets the desire to combine beauty with comfort. With increasing mental freedom comes the desire and, indeed the necessity, for physical freedom. Long ago the student girls discovered that a vigorous, healthy body untrammeled by steels and superfluous weight of dry goods was essential to the proper growth of the mental faculties. Without any organized efforts the dress reform ideas have been practiced more largely among this class of women than in any other. This is more especially the case in the Western states. However, nothing remarkable is noticed in the general style of dress except the absence of many of the short-lived oddities of fashion. Attention has been devoted mainly to the construction of more comfortable undergarments.

So long as Dame Fashion decreed, and the rest of womankind persisted in obeying the dictate, busties and dress reeds were endured; but at the first whisper of a coming change, they disappeared from college halls as by magic. The change elsewhere very gradual was here effected almost abruptly.

The corset, which among women is so generally considered an indispensable article of clothing, is also largely abandoned. The absence, however, is seldom noticeable. One young lady from the largest university in the West, said: "When I first went there, I knew my room-mate did not wear any, but I thought everybody else did. By and by I learned in conversation with the girls, that dozens of them did not wear corsets, and one girl, of whom I would least have thought such a thing, said she had never worn one in her life. I never wear one now unless mamma discovers that I am without and unless she feels of my waist." Although this young lady thought at first that she was much too plump to do away with the stays, on having at length discarded them, she is very much pleased with a much more graceful figure.

The fact is that a figure slightly inclined to embonpoint is always rendered le s graceful by the corset. The waist is made smaller, while the abdomen is more prominent, and the ridges of flesh produced by the pressure just beneath the shoulder blades causes the effect to be anything but pleasing. Most of these girls recognize the fact that some styles of garments are much neater without the stays than others. The figure of one stout young woman who appeared a shapeless mass of flabby flesh in a basque was rendered trim and neat by a princess dress made in one piece from the throat to the bottom.

Outdoor exercise and climbing stairs to recitation rooms has brought about a reform in the wearing of heavy skirts. The light weight flannel petticoat and divided skirts have superceded the old fashioned full gathered, heavy skirts that so obstruct free movements in walking. M. E R

A SHORT LETTER.—Here I am. Please may I come in? Why, yes," I hear some one exclaim. I thought so. This is the first time I have ever tried to make myself known to the readers of the HOUSEHOLD, although I have been a subscriber to THE BLADE nearly two years.

In the first place I will say that there is no other paper published in the United States that is more welcome to our household than THE BLADE.

Every Saturday, when the mail arrives, I get the paper before anything else, and peruse its contents. I always turn to the HOUSEHOLD first, and find the letters so very interesting. I think "Montana May" and "Cuckoo's" advice to young men is very good, and I hope those reading the same may readily comply with their advice. There is nothing in this world that is more vulgar and ridiculous than a young man laden with highly scented perfumes and hair plastered down with oils and pomades. Everything should have its natural odor.

I want to tell you how I keep everything of interest that is published in THE BLADE, thereby saving the trouble of desiring it published again. I have a scrap book which is nearly filled with such clippings.

At the end of every week before the new papers arrive, I take the old ones and carefully look them over, cutting everything that is of interest to me out, and placing it in my scrap box. (I have, and have enough gathered to fill several pages. I think this a very nice way and will save the editor a great deal of trouble in the future. I would like to correspond with some of the boys and girls of THE BLADE, and I should like also those who have any silk, satin or velvet patches to spare, to send me one with their initials, and also the abbreviations of the state in which they live marked upon them in any stitch they desire.—MISS SADIE LIVENSPARGER, St. Stephens, Ohio.

INQUIRIES.

Will some of the family doctors tell a poor girl whose ambition is to be a doctor how to proceede? It has always been my ambition to be either a trained nurse or a doctor. It is not possible for me to go away to school just now some time on account of an invalid in the family. I want to know if I can study at home, so when the time comes I can be ready. I want to study the diseases of women, to be a woman doctor. Will some one outline a course of study, also what course I would have to pursue to be a nurse. Will I need to study years of study for that, the same as the others? And is there the same money in it? I shall have the living for an invaid mother as well as myself to make, so money will be an object. Does it take a very high education, or can one with a common schooling still be a good doctor? I like nursing; in fact, everything in that line seems to have a kind of fascination for me Am by nature very sympathetic. It seems sometimes as though I can look right through a person. Will some one tell me whether I am likely to succeed?—MAJORIE MARCH.

The editor hopes that some woman physician who knows what she is talking about will answer this young girl very soon. She will thus help one of her sex, who only asks for information.

Has any one of the numerous BLADE readers got copies of the *Youth's Companion* issued between the first of January and May that she would like to dispose of? If so, please write to Box 44, Goulesville, Indiana.

Could any one give sure remedy for small chicken lice, one that has been tested? We are much troubled with them. Let us know soon.—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me what lake colors are suitable for painting flowers on canvas or tin. I have used common oil paints, but do not like them.—Z. J.

Will some one tell me how to make tomato catsup, also how to pickle or spice cabbage?—MRS. J. W. LOWE.

Will not some of the HOUSEHOLD send me some worsted pieces for my log cabin quilt? Any size will be thankfully received. I am anxious to finish it before cool weather. Address box 33, Luverne, Rock county, Minn.

Will some of the girl readers of THE BLADE please send me pieces of worsted for my quilt, five inches square, with their names and addresses marked in any stitch? —MISS EMMA J. GRAHAM, Huron, Atchison county, Kas.

Will some artist friend please write and tell what colors to use for the odd shade of purple in the thistle?—B. R.

Will the editor or some one please repeat directions for making opera fudge. (Am not positive as to date in December.) Mine was destroyed. Will return postage. —MRS. FRANK D. HARSTON, Pembina, North Dakota.

This is my first letter to THE BLADE, and I hope the readers will answer my request. I have a scrap book which I wish to fill with pressed ferns, mosses, grasses, sea weed, leaves, or anything of that kind. Will some of the readers please send me some, telling me where they came from, if from mountain, valley, or woodland, and I will write the name on the same page.—EMMA GOTTENSTRATER, Marine, Ill.

I would like to ask "Babies Friend" how she fastens the little clothes on—with buttons, tape, or pins—and also about knitting the long stockings for baby at first? How many stitches does she cast on, and what kind of yarn and what number of needles, and how many inches long does she knit them.—A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

I will give a good home and comfortable (or good wages the year round) to a lady between 25 and 35. I would like such a lady to take charge of my work. I have no washing out, and all starched garments laundried. If there is a lady wanting a home I would like to correspond with her as soon as possible.—Address M, Box 512, Valparaiso, Ind.

I have a red satin banner stamped with a thistle and have the following colors to work it with, and do not know where the colors go. If any one will tell me where they go I will be much obliged. Colors, 2 skeins of red, dark and light, and 2 of yellow, orange and light, 1 of green, 1 of blue. And also how to frame it.—MRS. L. A. ROBERTS, Julietta, Latah county, Idaho Ter.

Will Ida E. C., Wheeling, W. Va., please send her full name and address to Clara B. Converse, Hancock, Pottawatamie county, Iowa, box 49? I have made 39 letter cases and think I can help her out of her trouble.

Will some one tell me what will prevent perspiration under the arms? I think it was published in THE BLADE a year or two ago, but I have forgotten what it was.—LUCY A. RUCH, Belvidere, Tenn.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Palma" writes to know how to conduct a silver wedding. Briefly it is as follows:

The invitations are usually upon square cards in silver script. They may read something like this:

1864. 1889.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haven,
At Home,
Monday Evening, September Twentieth.
Silver Wedding.
No. 180 Washington Street,
7 o'clock to 10.

J. B. Haven. Mary E. Arnold.

Of course this may be varied according to the taste of the senders. If you should not want to go to the expense of having a printed or engraved card, or if it is purely an informal affair, you can get heavy paper with the day put on in silver script, then write the invitation yourself, something in this style:

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haven will be happy to see you at their home upon the occasion of their silver wedding, Monday, evening, Sept. 20th. J. B. Haven. 1864-1889. Mary E. Arnold.

The names are not always placed at the foot of the card, but it is in good taste to do so. The dates upon the last invitation may be put at the head as in the engraved form.

The bride should wear her wedding costume if she has it, and the bridal couple receive the guests standing together, as at their marriage. A wedding cake with a ring in it is also provided, which the bride cuts first, as she did 25 years before.

Now as to the wedding feast, the degree of formality in the affair decides that, but whether formal or informal, the table should be set handsomely in the dining room, using as much silver in the way of dishes, ornaments, etc., as convenient,

MENU.

Scalloped Salmon—Olives,
Pickles,
Chicken Croquettes—Creamed Potatoes.
Sliced Tongue—Rolls and Brown Bread—Coffee,
Shrimp Salad—Wafers,
Salted Almonds.
Cake—Ice Cream—Fruit.

"Subscriber," the invitations to persons who are unknown to the bride, but are friends of the groom, should always be sent by the bride's parents. They should be worded thus:

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lennox will be happy to see Mr. and Mrs. X at the marriage of their daughter, Tuesday, Aug. 30th.

Of course if more elaborate engraved invitations are sent, these should be uniform with the others.

You will do well to send a dollar to the Locke Pub. Co., Toledo, O., and get "Social Etiquette," which gives much information in regard to social matters.—ED.

Some one writes in regard to the best atlas for family use. A very good one is Cram's; price $3.50. A more expensive one is Mitchell's. Price $10.—ED.

I wish to say to Miss Esther M. Reagan, in answer to her inquiry for Sunday school papers and cards, that I will send papers and books, as I have no cards, if she will pay postage.

To "Mrs. Oklahoma"—To cleanse or break hard water use on 1 teaspoonful of concentrated lye to 2 gals. of water while heating. Washing fluid, use the cleansed water, as above spoken of, or soft water. A boiler of the water up to the ring with 1 bar soap dissolved and 1 tablespoonful of kerosene. Let boil, then put in the clothes, and boil ten minutes. None but white clothes must be thus washed, for it will take the color out.—MISS LIBBIE C. BALLARD, Home City, Marshall county, Kan.

A correspondent of THE BLADE asks a way to get rid of ants. I know of no way to get rid of them but by moving to the ant's nest. Take some tin cans, fill them half full of water and set the legs of a table in them and you can put all the ant "inducements" on the table you can, and you will have none of the pests in or on anything on the table. Any rough made table will answer the purpose. An ant will not ever swim over a line or chalk.—S. P. MCDONALD, Huron, Ohio.

To all the members of THE HOUSEHOLD who so kindly complied with the request of the "North Star" Sunday-school for papers and cards, I wish to send my sincere thanks, also the thanks of the superintendent and school. We have received papers and cards from almost every state in the Union. "The cry from Macedonia has been answered." We have received papers from so many different places, it is impossible to thank the members, only by inserting in THE HOUSEHOLD; so please do not send any more, as we have an abundance. Your true sister in Christ, MISS ESTHER M. REAGAN, Gildden, Ashland county, Wis. Box 63.

RECIPES.

SUMMER COOKING.—We dread the heat so much that we prepare in the morning as much as possible of the day's cooking. As iced tea is my favorite, we steep up enough for all day, make dessert and boil or roast meat. Sometimes we cut slices of roasted or boiled meat, and put them into a steamer, together with potatoes boiled in the morning, and can warm them up in a very short time, but generally we prefer the cold meals when it is very warm. When a cloudy or rainy day comes, I replenish my cake and cookey jar; and in this way I save standing over a hot stove when the weather is a hundred and over. For the benefit of some who may want to follow my plan, I will give a few good cold dishes:

STUFFED EGGS.—Peel hard boiled eggs, remove the yolks and mix to a paste with melted butter, a little salt and pepper. Fill the eggs with this and place together. Arrange in a dish upon a fringed doylie, and garnish with parsley or lettuce leaves.

MOCK DUCK.—Sew up a large round steak, all but one end and stuff with a dressing made of stale bread crumbs, an egg, some butter, pepper, salt and sage. Sew up the open end and bake one hour, basting often. When cold slice through the meat and dressing.

JELLIED MEAT.—Boil a large shank bone all one morning. When cold remove all the tallow and boil again until the meat drops from the bones. Chop the meat and season with salt, pepper and sage. If the liquid forms a jelly when cold gelatine need not be used, but if not dissolve a box of gelatine in enough of the liquid to mix the meat with (about a pint) pour into a square dripping pan and place where it will cool. Let it set 24 hours. It can then be sliced and is very much like headcheese.

JELLIED TONGUE.—Boil a tongue until tender. When cold peel and slice, and cut the slices into piece s about an inch square. Dissolve a box of gelotine in a pint and a half of the liquid, add two teaspoonfuls salt and a half teaspoonful pepper. Place the tongue in a dripping pan and pour the liquid over it. Set on ice (if possible) to cool. When cold slice as above.—MONTANA MAY.

BEEF MINCE.—Cut all the cold roast beef off the bone, and put on the bone to stew, with a little, water, pepper, salt and celery seed. Chop up the cold meat very fine. Strain the gravy, thicken it with a very little flour. Put the minced meat in just before you serve, and heat it thoroughly. Veal, mutton or chicken can be minced in the same way.

WASHING FLUID, FOR MRS. OKLAHOMA.—Put 2 gals. of rainwater on the stove, and 1 box of concentrated lye, 1 oz. of ammonia, 1 oz. of salts of tartar, let it boil five minutes, then let it get cold and bottle it. Use 1 teacupful for a washing for six persons. This is good. I have used it for 20 years. Boil the clothes with it. Tell J. M. Moser it will take the grease spots out of her pine floor.—MRS. KNERR, Dayton, O.

CUCUMBER PICKLES WITHOUT VINEGAR.—Gather cucumbers at the proper time, put them in a vessel and pour over them boiling water. Let them stand half an hour, then put them in your barrel—one layer of cucumbers and one layer of grape leaves. Sprinkle with salt in the proportion of ½ gal. to the barrel of cucumbers. Weight them down in the ordinary way. Cabbage leaves may be used in the absence of grape leaves, but grape leaves are the best.—E. M. DAVISSON.

TO PUT UP SWEET CORN.—To 8 pts. of cut corn add 3 pts. of water and boil 20 mins. Then add 1 pt. of table salt and boil 3 mins. Can immediately in glass cans. To prepare it for the table soak or wash thoroughly till all the brine is out, then season with butter, milk, sugar and pepper. I know this to be splendid.—MRS. L. ONERY, Chestnut, Ill.

LETTUCE SALAD.—Wash crisp center leaves of lettuce and dry. Break or tear the leaves to pieces with a silver fork. Make dressing of ½ pt. of milk, 1 tablespoonful of butter, yolks of 3 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, with pepper and salt. Pour over the lettuce and serve immediately.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

FLOVER, WIS.

Eva Bailey	Frank McGowan
Otis McGowan	Hannah Clemmenson
Myrtle Parks	Hattie Munger

Names this week, 6. Total 27,378.

The above embraces all names received up to August 23.

A DOUBLE-ENDED RULE.

OLIVE LOGAN.

Lazy Billy was told one very bad day
To black papa's boots, as papa was busy;
But Billy unfortunately wanted to play,
So he cried to the girl, whose forename was Lizzie:
"Here, Lizzie, give papa his well-worn shoe
Ientlier,
And tell him I said 'twas quite doubtful whether
'Twas worth while to give myself trouble or pain
Cleaning boots that so soon would get muddy again."

So the boots went uncleaned, and of course papa knew
The excuse for neglect of his lazy son Billy;
He took of the matter a comical view,
Though he said: "The boy's reasoning is really silly."
Ahem! In ruminated lazy Billy to dinner that day.
Said papa: "That rule of yours works t'other way,
Get up from this table: to eat now is vain—
Not a bite for a boy who'll be hungry again."

LIEUTENANT SUSAN.

BY SAN MARCO.

"THEE need have no fears for me, mother. I shall but go to Mary French's house to ask her about the spinning. Indeed I must have the walk. Does thee know, mother, I have hardly stepped from the door since the British have been in town?"

"Thee is unwise, Susan. Thee would much better stay this side the door until the British shall have left our unhappy town again. It is not well that young girls should walk abroad in such troubled times as these. And the night is falling even now. It will be quite dark before thee can get home again."

"It will be still darker if I stay here any longer before starting. To make myself quite safe, mother, I will stop at Abby Hunter's coming back, and she and her mother will walk home with me and give thee a little chat."

"Child! Does not thee know that the British officers have their quarters at Abel Hunter's house?"

"So much the better! Then if it shall be fearsome dark one of the young officers can be my escort home!"

With a light-hearted laugh the girl kissed her mother's anxious face and tripped away through the snow of the village street.

Girls of fifteen were sometimes a little headstrong a hundred years ago or so, even when they wore crab gowns and used the plain language. Susan Malvern was not exactly headstrong. She was young and inexperienced and a little inclined to take advantage of the fond mother's indulgence. That was all.

Not for any treasure in the world would she have done anything to really grieve or displease her mother, and if she could have realized how much anxiety this little visit of hers produced she would not have set foot outside the door.

But she could not understand what the older people found to be so anxious about. True, the British were in town; but what of that? They were in plenty of other towns in New Jersey, and no great harm had come of it that she knew of. They were in Philadelphia, not a score of miles away, and Philadelphia had not been destroyed or the people put to the sword.

Really there was no use in so much worry. Susan held to herself as she hurried onward. No girl in the world loved her father more than Susan loved hers, but for all that she could not share her mother's anxiety on his account. To the girl it was a grand thing that he should have laid aside his drab garments and put on the continental uniform. It was a grander that he should have been chosen by the commander to do the special scouting duty his perfect familiarity with the country fitted him for.

And nothing which she had ever imagined could be more wholly delightful than the rare and unexpected visits which her father made to them at home. To have him steal in upon them unawares, dressed in the most unheard-of disguises; to have him linger with them when there was barely time to escape capture; to be on pins and needles of uncertainty while he made stealthy expeditions through the town, picking up information to take back to camp with him—all this was very fine.

Yes, but these visits home were langerous; there was no denying that, and greatly as she enjoyed them she almost hoped he would make no more.

Susan was very busy with these and many other thoughts as she hurried toward Mary French's house. But she was by no means so absorbed that she could not see and note a young officer in British uniform who was coming toward her. Her eyes, to all appearance, looked upon the ground, but they had analyzed him while he was still some distance away. And the owner of the eyes was not at all pleased with the analysis. She decided then and there that she would not stop at Abby Hunter's house, for there this young man undoubtedly had his stopping place and she did not like him.

The young officer evidently, had formed no unfavorable opinion of the demure and pretty Quaker girl, however, for as they met he stopped squarely in front of her and spoke to her in a free and easy manner, that made her face flame with indignation and gave her a wild impulse to turn and run homeward.

"Where away, little girl?" he said familiarly. "Stay a minute and tell me what they call you."

Susan had no purpose in letting him see what a panic she was in, so she stood still and straight before him, and looked him in the face with eyes that sparkled ominously.

"My friends call me by name," she replied. "Strangers do not address me, and so call me nothing. Thee has not yet learned the customs of our country, I discover. Remember this custom when next thee meets a young maiden."

She moved forward to pass him, but he turned about and walked by her side.

"A good rebuke!" he said laughing. "And I deserve it. Have another ready, for I am going to deserve that also. Now that I see your face more fairly, I think it tells me your name. I have seen Captain Malvern, the Quaker spy in the rebel army, and when I saw him I think I saw your father. He has his home here, I know. A good guess?"

"I shall tell thee nothing of my father or myself. But I shall tell my father somewhat of thee if thee troubles me further."

"So, he is home then? I thank you for the hint. I will see that it is acted upon. Don't be so frightened. I am not going to arrest you. I owe you that much courtesy for being so civil to me!"

The young fellow stopped, lifted his cap in mock courtesy and turned back with an exasperating laugh.

His words had not been pleasant for Susan to hear, but she would not let him see how much they disturbed her. So she called out after him somewhat defiantly: "If thee has thoughts of seeking Captain John Malvern I can save thee trouble. He is not in the town and is not likely to be."

No answer was returned. The ill-mannered young man went his way and the troubled girl went hers.

Susan did her errand with Mary French about the spinning, and when she was all ready to start again for home she found her mother's warning prediction fulfilled. Darkness was already beginning to gather and the early-coming night would be black enough before she could hope to reach her father's house.

The girl was not in the least afraid, but she certainly did wish that she was at home. She ought to have gone right back after the talk with that saucy young man.

Her father came and went in such an uncertain manner, how was she to know that he had not been at home during her absence? She should have been there so as to warn him if he did come. Now, perhaps, he had gone ont and would put himself in the way of the vengeful man who had threatened him.

Perhaps, too, she was to blame for this man's being so malicious towards her father. If she had held her peace and listened meekly to the insolence of the unmannerly fellow he would not have thought of punishing her through her father. Still she felt a pleasant thrill in thinking that her father would certainly commend her if he knew.

Certainly she was far from easy in her mind; and as the moth comes back to the flame that has singed it, she took the way that led past Abel Hunter's house, where the British officers were quartered. She had no thought now of stopping there to see Abby and her mother; but she wanted to make sure that the officers were quiet and out of mischief.

No public lamps lighted the streets of the town then—nor for many years after the revolutionary war ended. But the girl had no difficulty in finding her way through the darkness.

At first, when she came near the Hunter house, she thought it must be deserted, it was so utterly dark. But a little light could be seen at the edges of the thick curtains that had been hung at the front windows; so she knew that some of the officers were within. She came closer and could hear men's voices in earnest conversation. She could see, also, that the keyhole of the front door had been left unguarded, and a shaft of light streamed out through it.

A drizzling rain dripped down, freezing as it fell, and making every surface glassy; but Susan minded it not at all as she stood in the darkness and wondered whether those men in there were planning her father's capture.

The light from the window across the street fell faintly upon the steps of the Hunter house. Into this light a man came and as he turned to go up the steps the girl saw that it was the officer who had tripped her on the way.

She felt a little chill of fear as she recognized him; but the next instant she was wild with a wicked delight. The man went up the steps with confident haste; then his feet flew two different ways, and he sat down on the treacherous ice with a force that seemed to shake the building.

The door was thrown open from within and two or three men appeared in the light, to see what caused the clatter. The fallen man was swearing roundly and with out reserve now; and he was still swearing when his laughing comrades helped him up and pulled him into the room.

Susan liked not the swearing, but in spite of it she laughed with much silent glee, and waited for the next to come.

Presently another came. A tall man, this, with a hat that partly hid his face and a cloak that enveloped him from head to foot. He lingered in the edge of the lighted space and seemed to be listening.

The girl wondered why he did not enter the house, and while she wondered the man stepped forward, stood an instant in the dim light and then very cautiously ascended the steps. But instead of opening the door he did an extraordinary thing. He knelt down on the slippery surface and looked through the key-hole.

It seemed as though this action aroused Susan from a nightmare. She came swiftly to the front of the steps, and leaning towards the kneeling man whispered words which came to his ear as distinctly as if they had been shouted:

"Danger, Father! Danger! Quick! Get thee away from here without a word!"

In amazement the man sprang to his feet, but the same movement that brought him upward overthrew, him. He slipped fell upon the step and slid heavily off to the ground. Almost before he had struck the sidewalk his daughter was upon the step and had a desperate grasp upon the handle of the door.

"Must out of sight into the dark!" she whispered. "Then make haste to leave here!"

While she spoke she kept her feet slipping in the noiseless fashion upon the icy steps and retained her unyielding hold on the door handle. Some one within tried to pull the door open, that the cause of all this commotion might be known, but her whole weight resisted him.

At last, when she saw her father roll himself out of the light, she suddenly regained the control of her feet and pushed open the door. The assembled officers had apparently all been trying to get out, but at sight of a very pretty young girl upon the threshold they fell back in amused surprise.

Susan, to all appearance, was overwhelmed with confusion, and murmured a jumbie of apologies, while she kept her place in the doorway.

"My Quaker maid with the shrew tongue," exclaimed her acquaintance of the afternoon. "You make your presence known when you come to apologize!"

"I do not come to apologize," the young girl replied with spirit. "I told my mother that I would stop here for Abby Hunter if it grew dark before my return. And the house steps are very slippery!"

These words and the demure look which accompanied them brought out roars of laughter at the expense of the young officer.

A man whom Susan had recognized as a neighbor, who was also an enemy, whispered briefly to the young man.

"Ah!" said the officer, "so I was right, and you are Susan Malvern. Do you happen to know that your father is in this town at this moment? We were just speaking of him and will have him here to meet you shortly."

The mean cruelty of these words cooled and stedied the young girl as nothing else would have done. She looked straight into the insulter's eyes and answered with deliberate clearness:

"I will lead thee to him if thee dares to follow me. I have seen my father since I rebuked thee for thy bad manners. I have

Talmage's Sermon.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON CASTAWAYS.

"What Sea Captains Say" the Subject of the Discourse—A Great Throng Present in the Foremost City of Oregon to Hear the Eminent Divine.

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 25.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who preached here today to a vast audience, took for his text I Corinthians, ix. 27: "Lest that by any means I myself should be cast away." The preacher said:

In the presence of you who live on the Pacific coast, I who live on the Atlantic coast may appropriately speak on this marine allusion of the text, for all who know about the sea know about the castaway. The text implies that ministers of religion may help others into heaven and yet miss it themselves. The carpenters that built Noah's ark did not get into it themselves. Gown and surplice, and diplomas, and canonicals are no security.

Cardinal Wolsey, after having been petted by kings, and having entertained foreign ambassadors at Hampton Court, died in darkness. One of the most eminent ministers of religion that this country has ever known, plunged into sin and died; his heart, by a post-mortem examination, found to have been, not figuratively, but literally, broken. We may have hands of ordination on the head and address consecrated assemblages, but that is no reason why we shall necessarily reach the realm celestial. The clergyman must go through the same gate of pardon as the layman. There have been cases of shipwreck where all on board escaped excepting the captain. Alas! if having "preached to others I myself should be a castaway." God forbid it.

I have examined some of the commentaries to see what they thought about this word "castaway," and I find that they differ in regard to the figure used, while they agree in regard to the meaning. So I shall make my own selection, and take it in a nautical and seafaring sense, and show you that men may become spiritual castaways, and how finally they drift into that calamity.

Breakers Ahead!

You and I live in seaboard cities. You have all stood on the beach. Many of you have crossed the ocean. Some of you have managed vessels in great stress of weather. There is a sea captain, and there is another, and yonder is another, and there are a goodly number of you who, though once you did not know the difference between a brig and a bark, and between a diamond knot and a spirit sheet sail knot, and although you could not point out the weather crosspack brace, and though you could not man the fore clew garnets, now you are as familiar with a ship as you are with your right hand, and if it were necessary you could take a vessel clear across to the mouth of the Mersey without the loss of a single sail. Well, there is a dark night in your memory of the sea. The vessel became unmanageable. You saw it scudding towards the shore. You heard the cry: "Breakers ahead! Land on the lee bow!" The vessel struck the rock and you felt the deck breaking up under your feet, and you were a castaway, as when the Hercules drove on the coast of Caffraria, as when the Portuguese brig went staving, splitting, grinding, crashing on the Goodwins. But whether you have followed these or not, you all understand the figure when I tell you that there are men who, by their sins and temptations, are thrown helpless? Driven before the gale? Wrecked for two worlds! Castaways! Castaways!

Watch for the True Light.

By talking with some sea captains I have found out that there are three or four causes for such a calamity to a vessel. I have been told that it sometimes comes from creating false lights on the beach. This was often so in olden times. It is not many years ago, indeed, that vagabonds used to wander up and down the beach, getting vessels ashore in the night, knowing up false lights in their presence and deceiving them, that they might despoil and ransack them. All kinds of infernal arts were used to accomplish this. And one night on the Cornish coast, when the sea was coming in fearfully, some villains took a lantern and tied it to a horse and led the horse up and down the beach, the lantern swaying with the motion of the horse, and a sea captain in the offing saw it and made up his mind that he was not anywhere near the shore, for he said, "There's a vessel—that must be a vessel, for it has a movable light," and he had no apprehension until he heard the rocks grating on the ship's bottom, and the vessel split, and the villains on shore gathered up the packages and treasures that were washed to the land. And I have to tell you that there are a multitude of souls ruined by false lights on the beach. In the dark night of man's danger, false religion goes up and down the shore, shaking its lanterns, and men look off and take that flickering and expiring wick as the signal of safety, and the cry is, "Heave the main topsail to the mast! All is well!" when sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape.

So there are all kinds of lanterns swung on the beach—philosophical lanterns, educational lanterns, humanitarian lanterns. Men look at them and are deceived, when there is nothing but God's eternal lighthouse of the Gospel that can keep them from becoming castaways. Once, on Wolf Crag lighthouse, they tried to build a copper figure of a wolf with its mouth open, so that the storms beating into it, the wolf would howl forth the danger to mariners that might be coming anywhere near the coast. Of course it was a failure. And so all new inventions for the saving of human souls are unavailing. What the human race wants is a light bursting forth from the cross standing on the great headlands—the light of pardon, the light of comfort, the light of heaven. You might better go to-night and destroy all the great lighthouses on the dangerous coasts—the Barnegat lighthouse, the Fastnet Rock lighthouse, the Sherryvore lighthouse, the Longship's lighthouse, the Holyhead lighthouse—than to put out God's great ocean lamp—the Gospel. Woe to those who swing false lanterns on the beach till men crash into ruin. Castaways! Castaways!

The Terrors of the Storm.

By talking with sea captains I have heard, also, that sometimes ships come to this calamity by the sudden swoop of a tempest. For instance, a vessel is sailing along in the East Indies, and there is not a single cloud on the sky; but suddenly the breeze freshens, and there are swift feet on the ratlines, and the cry is: "Way, haul away there!" But before they can square the booms and tarpaulin the hatchways, the vessel is groaning and creaking in the grip of a tornado, and falls over into the trough of the sea, and broadside it rolls on to the beach and keels over, leaving the crew to struggle in the merciless surf. Castaway! Castaway! And so I have to tell you that there are thousands of men destroyed through the sudden swoop of temptations.

Some great inducement to worldlines, or to sensuality, or to high temper, or to some form of dissipation, comes upon them. If they had time to examine their Bible, if they had time to consult with their friends, if they had time to deliberate, they could stand it; but the temptation came so suddenly—as the tornado in the Mediterranean, a whirlwind of the Caribbean. One awful surge of temptation and they perish. And so we often hear the old story: "I hadn't seen my friend in a great many years. We were very glad to meet. He said I must drink, and he took me by the arm and pressed me along, and filled the cup until the bubbles ran over the edge, and in an evil moment all my good resolutions were swept away, and, to the outraging of God and my own soul, I fell." Or the story is: "I had hard work to support my family. I thought that by one false entry, by one deception, by one embezzlement, I might spring out free from all my troubles, and the temptation came upon me so fiercely I could not deliberate. I did wrong, and having done wrong once I could not stop." O, it is the first step that costs; the second is easier; and the third; and on to the last. Once having broken loose from the anchor, it is not so easy to tie the parted strands. How often it is that men are ruined for the reason that the temptations comes from some unexpected quarter. As vessels lie in Margate Roads, safe from southwest winds; but the wind changing to the northeast, they are driven helpless and go down. O that God would have mercy upon those upon whom there comes the sudden swoop of temptation, lest they perish, becoming castaways! castaways!

Fatal Carelessness.

By talking with sea captains I have found out also that some vessels come to this calamity through sheer recklessness. There are three million men who follow the sea for a living. It is a simple fact that the average of human life on the sea is less than twelve years. This comes from the fact that men by familiarity with danger sometimes become reckless—the captain, the helmsman, the stoker, the man on the lookout, become reckless, and in nine out of ten shipwrecks it is found out that some one was awfully to blame. So I have to tell you that men are morally shipwrecked through sheer recklessness.

There are thousands who do not care where they are in spiritual things. They do not know which way they are sailing, and the sea is black with piratical hulks that would grapple them and make them "walk the plank." They do not know what the next moment may bring forth. Drifting in their theology. Drifting in their habits. Drifting in regard to all their future. No God, no Christ, no settled anticipations of eternal felicity; but all the time coming nearer to a dangerous coast. Some of them are on fire with evil habit, and they shall burn on the sea, the charred hulk tossed up on the barren beach.

Many of them with great troubles, financial troubles, domestic troubles, social troubles; but they never pray for comfort. With an aggravation of sin they pray for no pardon. They do not steer for the lightship that dances in gladness at the mouth of heaven's harbor; reckless as to where they come out, drifting further from God, further from early religious influences, further from happiness; and what is the worst thing about it is, they are taking their families along with them, and the way one goes the probability is they will all go. Yet no anxiety. As unconscious of danger as the passengers on board the Arctic one moment before the Vesta crushed into her. Wrapped up in the business of the store, not remembering that soon they must quit all their earthly possessions. Absorbed in their social position, not knowing that very soon they will have attended the last levee and whirled in the last schottische. They do not deliberately choose to be ruined; neither did the French frigate Medusa aim for the Arguin banks, but there it went to pieces. I wish I could wake you up. The perils are so augmented, you will die just as certainly as you sit there unless you bestir yourself. Are you willing to become a castaway? You throw out no oar. You take no soundings. You push on to compass. You are not calculating your bearings while the wind is abaft, and yonder is a long line of foam bounding the horizon, and you will be pushed on toward it, and thousands have perished there and you are driving in the same direction.

Ready about! Down helm! Hard down! Man the life boat! Pull, my lads, pull! "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy." But some of you are saying within yourselves: "What shall I do?" Do? Do? Why, my brother, do what any ship does, when it is in trouble. Lift a distress signal. On the sea there is a flash and a boom. You listen and you look. A vessel is in trouble. The distress gun is sounded, or a rocket is sent up, or a blanket is lifted, or a bundle of rags—anything to catch the eye of the passing craft. So if you want to be taken off the wreck of your sin, you must lift a distress signal.

The publican lifted the distress signal when he cried: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Peter lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, save me, I perish." The blind man lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." The jailer lifted the distress signal when he said: "What must I do to be saved?" And help will never come to your soul until you lift some signal. You must make some demonstration, give some sign, make some never-piercing outcry for help, lifting the distress signal for the church's prayer, lifting the distress signal for heaven's pardon. Pray! Pray! The voice of the Lord now sounds in your ears: "In me is thy help." Too proud to raise such a signal, too proud to be saved.

Hope, Blessed Hope!

There was an old sailor thumping about in a small boat in a tempest. The larger vessel had gone down. He felt he must die. He saw that was breaking over the boat, and he said: "I took off my life belt that it might soon be over, and I thought somewhat distinctly about my friends on shore and then I bid them good-by alike, and I was about sinking back and giving it up when I saw a bright star. The clouds were breaking away and there that blessed star shone down on me, and it seemed to take right hold of me; and somehow, I cannot tell how it was, but somehow, while I was trying to watch that star, it seemed to help me and seemed to lift me." O, sinking soul, see you not the glimmer between the rifts of the storm cloud? That is the star of hope.

Deathstruck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the star of Bethlehem!

If there are any here who consider themselves castaways, let me say God is doing everything to save you. Did you ever hear of Lionel Luken? He was the inventor of the insubmergible lifeboat. All honor is due to his memory by seafaring men as well as by landsmen. How many lives he saved by his invention! In after days that invention was improved, and one day there was a perfect lifeboat, the Northumberland, ready at Ramsgate. The lifeboat being ready, to test it the crew came out and leaped on the gunwale on one side to see if the boat would upset; it was impossible to upset it. Then, amid the huzzas of excited thousands, that boat was launched, and it has gone and come, picking up a great many of the shipwrecked. But I have to tell you now of a grander launching, and from the dry docks of heaven. Word came up that a world was beating on the rocks. In the presence of the potentates of heaven the life boat of redemption was launched. It shoved off the golden sands amid angelic hosanna. The surges of darkness beat against its bow, but it sailed on, and it comes in sight of us this hour. It comes for you, it comes for me. Soul! soul! get into it. Make one leap for heaven. Let that boat go past and your opportunity is gone.

Saved! Saved!

I am expecting that there will be whole families here who will get into that life boat. In 1833 the Isabella came ashore off Hastings, England. The air was filled with sounds—the hoarse sea trumpet, the crash of the axes and the bellowing of the fog-horn. A boat from the shore came under the stern of the disabled vessel. There were women and children on board the vessel. Some of the sailors jumped into the small boat and said: "Now give us the children." A father who stood on deck took his first born and threw him to the boat. The sailors caught him safely, and the next, and the next, and the last. Still the sea rocking, the storm howling. "Now," said the sailors, "now the mother," and she leaped, and was saved. The boat went to the shore; but before it got to the shore, the landsmen were so impatient to help the suffering people that they waded clear down into the surf with blankets, and garments, and promises of help and succor. So there are whole families here who are going to be saved, and saved all together. Give us that child for Christ, that other child, that other. Give us the mother, give us the father, the whole family. They must all come in. All hands on deck in to help you. I claim this whole audience for God. I pick not out one man here nor one man there; I claim you all. There are some of you who, 30 years ago, were consecrated to Christ by your parents in Baptism. Certainly I am not stepping over the right bound when I claim for you Jesus. There are many here who have been seeking God for a good while, and am I not right in claiming you for Jesus? Then there are some here who have been further away, and you drink, and you swear, and you are bringing up your families without any God to take care of them when you are dead. And I claim you, my brother; I claim all of you. You will have to-day some time; why not begin now, while all the ripe and purple clusters of divine promise bend over into your cup, rather than postpone your prayer until your chance is past, and the night drops, and the sea washes you out, and the appalling fact shall be announced, that notwithstanding all your magnificent opportunities, you have become a castaway.

A DISGRACE.

Robert Lincoln Should Have Better Quarters.

London Letter.

The official quarters of the American minister in England are a disgrace to the United States. A small tin sign beside a door in a tall building in Victoria street, contains the legend that this is "the legation of the United States of America." You are fortunate if you can find the place, for no one you ask has ever heard of it. Some think it is at a steamship company's. Having found the place, you ring a bell. After a long time a maid opens the door. You say you wish to see the American minister. Instead of showing you into an ample office she waves her hand towards the back of the passage, where it is narrowed by the stairway, and with a sniff disappears. You wander darkly back, and find a door with a card signifying that this is "the legation" of the great country from which you hail.

The upper panel is of smoked glass, to admit a ray of light into the passage, but as it does not enable you to see, you feel until you find the bell, when you ring again. This time a messenger opens, and you are ushered into "the legation"—three or four dim, dingy little rooms—with old, worn tables and chairs, and old carpets.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Plum Tree Will Not Bear.

L. N. C., Florence, Massachusetts: The plum, to be grown to perfection should be free from a superabundance of moisture, with a soil having a good proportion of clay. Your tree that is vigorous, and blooms but bears no fruit, may bear if iron filings, iron turnings, or oxide of iron, which may be obtained at a blacksmith's shop, will promote productiveness by scattering freely about the roots. Gregg recommends sowing a half peck of salt under the tree, covering the ground as far as the roots extend. It may be that the blossoms need fertilization. If this be the case the only remedy will be to grow a plum tree near the one you now have.

Can He Draw the Water From the Well?

A Subscriber, New Salem, asks: "Have a well 25 feet deep, 25 rods from my barn. Can I, by laying a pipe in the ground below frost, from well to barn, draw the water from the well with a pump in the barn? The pump will be lower than the mouth of the well." Yes, you can.

Hind Leg Swelled in Horse.

J. S. K., Dryden, Mich.: We judge spavin is being developed in your horse's leg. As he is young, relief may be had by fomenting the part with flannels wrung out in hot water for three or four days, keeping moist all the time. Then take of arnica 1 oz., water, 1 quart. Dip flannel in this and apply to the leg. After this has been used for two days take of red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; unsalted lard, 2 ozs.; mix and rub well into the swelling a piece about the size of a hulled walnut, at night. Wash off in the morning with warm water and soap. Continue this for about a week, or until there have been free watery discharges from the leg. Then heal with lard. It may be necessary to repeat this.

Big Jaw on Steer.

D. B. McM., Duncan, Missouri: In big jaw, the bones have a soft, spongy, or cellular appearance, the cells being filled with a substance like jelly. In some cases the bones are thin, seem perfect, but enlarged. Various remedies are used. One is to make an incision into the skin and insert a small quantity of arsenic. Another, is to scrape the face with a red-hot iron. This is said to be very beneficial in some cases. A third, and one highly recommended, is to take of mercurial ointment 1 oz., and of iodine ointment 2 ozs. Mix well and apply twice a day to the jaw. The animal should be well sustained with wholesome food. This trouble is found more in the Western and Southern states than elsewhere, as in these sections the animals have access to corn fields or corn fodder, which at times is not perfectly sweet.

Something Wrong With Yearling Horse.

A. A. C., Osborn, Kansas: If your colt does not show evidence of pain when pressed along the back, the manner of walking with his legs far apart would indicate that he is suffering from inflammation of the kidneys, or calculi in the bladder. Give ½ oz. sweet spirits of nitre twice a day in his drinking water, for three days, and lay a blanket wrung out in warm water along the small of his back. A case of this kind requires personal examination to determine to a certainty what is the real cause. The above will ease, and may cure. We advise you to call a veterinarian. Keep the animal in a dry place. Have his bowels kept open and on the back for at least a full day.

Lame in Leg.

J. A. R., Norwalk, Ohio: If your horse does not drag his toe or give his foot an outward motion, you may be pretty certain that the lameness is not in the shoulder. From that which you say, the animal is troubled with sprain of the knee, affecting the back tendons. The liniment you use is an excellent one, but the following is better in such cases, as it has an absorbing property that is valuable: Indian ointment, 1 oz; mucurial ointment, ½ oz.; mix and rub all along the back tendons and around the knee. This should be done once a day for about six days, washing off before each application with warm soapsuds water. Before applying keep the leg wrapped in flannels wrung out in pretty warm water. We think it would be well for you to have the foot examined for corns. Corns are found in the sensitive sole, in the triangular spaces between the bars and the wall at the heel. They are mostly found in the inside heels. To be certain of a cure, the animal should have a month's rest. Sprains in old animals are difficult to cure.

Foul Claw.

C. R. H., Shickley, Nebraska: Your heifers are troubled with a disease of the foot, known as foul claw. At times, if this is not attended to, the foul extends into the foot, and the bones are attacked, making the case serious. If attended to at once a cure is certain. If the pus has burrowed much in the tissues, syringe the foot with carbolic acid 1 drachm, water 6 ozs. It will then be proper to poultice the foot, after which take a piece of tow 6 or 8 inches wide, and draw it through the claws to clear out all sand. The cloth should be dipped in warm water soapsuds. Be sure that the part between the claws is clean. Then take of chloride of zinc 20 grains, water 1 oz. Apply with a feather between the claws and cover with a piece of tow well filled.

Pear Leaf Blight and the Apple Powdery Mildew.

The U. S. department of Agriculture has sent out the following, which will prove of interest to fruit growers: Nurserymen need not be told the extent of the losses inflicted by the above fruit tree diseases. They are co-extensive with the region where apples and pears are grown. In regard to the latter, the French seedlings hitherto depended on as proof against the disease, having succumbed to the attacks of the fungus, the nurserymen rush to seek seedlings of the Japan pear for propagation, any efficacious and not to costly remedy will be warmly welcomed.

Prof. B. T. Galloway, chief of the section of vegetable pathology, United States department of Agriculture, has recently succeeded, as the result of practical experiments, in providing a remedy which he feels justified in recommending to the public as both efficacious and economical. The remedy consists of the application of a Pumpmiller with an appliance by which 50,000 plants were sprayed in a day and a half at a cost, not including labor, of $4.75 for each application, five being required to secure good results.

Experiments of a similar nature were carried on in the same nurseries by which a block of some 200,000 apple seedlings cleared by the powdery mildew, was treated with a preparation at a total cost of not exceeding 2 cents per 1,000 trees. The result in this case also have proved highly satisfactory and full details of both experiments will be found in circular No. 8 of the section of vegetable pathology, issued by Prof. Galloway, and which will be ready for distribution in a few days. Those desiring to receive a copy should send in their names without delay.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Alsike Clover.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one who has had experience in raising Alsike clover tell us what they know concerning it; when to sow it, on what kind of ground, when to cut it for hay or seed, how much seed it requires per acre, how much hay or seed will it yield per acre, and if it will fertilize the ground as red clover does?

We take THE BLADE in our family, like it very much, and call it "The Demagogue" so far, is the best story we ever read.—G. H. MASON, Rushville, Ill.

Feeding Fat Cattle.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some practical farmer and feeder give me some information in regard to feeding fat cattle? I usually commence feeding my steers about the first day of October, but am not satisfied with my way of feeding. Have thought some of putting up self-feeding troughs. Will some one who has had experience both pro and con kindly give it through THE BLADE, as well as the best way to put in boxes and corn crib for shelled corn?—J. M. EAMAN, Congdon, Nebraska.

The Red Raspberry and Strawberry.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I want to answer the request of Mr. George W. Hess, Springville, N. Y., for information about the culture of the red raspberry and strawberry. Of the red raspberries, will say that the Cuthbert and Hansell are both good varieties. They are hardy, vigorous and productive and do well on all kinds of soil. They can be set either in the fall or spring, but if set in the fall they should be set rather deeper than in the spring, and some mulching, such as coarse manure or old straw, thrown around them to keep the frost from raising them. The wood that grows this year will do the bearing next year, and as soon as fruit is gathered should be removed.

New canes will take their place and bear fruit the next season. They should be set three feet apart in the row and the rows seven feet apart. They will bear enormous row of plants, and will have to be cultivated between the rows or they will soon spread all over the ground.

As to strawberries, I cultivate them on the matted row system, and think it the best. In eight or ten days after the berries are done, as I think the plants need some rest after bearing a crop, I mow the vines as close to the ground as possible to get all the weeds, and then, in a few days after the plants start up again, take a diamond plow, put a rolling coulter on it, and turn a furrow away from the row of plants, leaving a row of plants not more than from six to ten inches wide, which will be ready to bear a crop of berries the next season. Cultivate the ridge down level which is made by throwing the two furrows together.—W. A. M., Tongamoxie, Kansas.

Mr. Stein Speaks Again.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Mr. Green, in his letter to THE BLADE FARM on the wheat raising problem, says: "I am an enthusiast in just one thing as regards farming, and that one thing is this, whatever the farmer does he should do just as well as possible, and as near the proper time as practicable." These lines in his letter are an epitome of history, upon which volumes of yet unwritten business success or failure might be based, not only as regards farming, but all other branches of business, and yet, in the consideration of the above problem and its attempted solution, it will not be out of the way to preface it by saying, What boots it, if the farmer here in Kansas takes time by the "forelock" at all times and on all occasions, and in his vocation displays the skill and ingenuity of a Jos. Harris and the Deacon of the *American Agriculturist*, or keeps before his mind's eye the sturdy adherence to agriculture, when the official life ceased of the Roman Sage Cincinnatus. Climate and insect pests being against him, success one year with another here will be the exception, and failure the rule; for climate and chinch bugs are the barriers to success, erected by nature, which the skill and ingenuity of man has so far failed either in part or wholly to overcome, the rule than the exception. The facts and evidence which I shall adduce are not the figments of a brain, disordered through failure, in a pursuit to which I am devotedly attached. Said pursuit, when backed by thrift and intelligence, the crest and shield of sturdy independence are the only true patents of nobility that the farmer lays claim to. For the farmer who sticks to his calling, despite successive years of prevailing low prices and partial failure of crops, and is not seduced by the siren voice of speculation, is an honor to his calling and possesses virtues, which, like manna, are daily found growing by the wayside, hidden from the superficial observer by grass and shrubs, is none the less acceptable to the eye and sense of those who care to seek for it, and care to appreciate it, although it did not grow in the rich man's garden or display the gaudy colors of the sunflower, the true type of the speculator with fast-bound nerve one and all of us who are "plodders" (a term often applied to us in derision) to to our farms, and if one kind of crop fails to prove remunerative try another instead of abandoning it altogether.

Nor do I desire to parade before the eyes of my readers in order to show by my paces and book "larning" that I am the very personification of a book farmer, which latter term is not now in such general use as formerly in its general application to all such as tried to keep up with the march of improvement in farming by new methods in their cultivation and raising of crops, instead of traveling in the old ruts of the past generation, and which savored too much of the hog and hominy order to insure success. But the dearly bought experience of self and others, the latter peers in skill, thrift and intelligence to the best in the land, and if I can bring that experience into intelligable shape and form, and show the utter inutility of raising wheat here as a money crop, and thereby induce the rank majority of our farmers who have abstained from sowing wheat for some years to still further stay their hands, for I recognize the temptation within myself, and from that I judge others (two successive fair crops of wheat) by saying to them, my friends, if anything you to invest your spare money in dollars, made on corn, hogs and cattle, in that which is a delusion and a snare, under the impression that Providence will always step in just at the nick of time, as it did in the past two seasons, and send not only the gentle showers to wake the dying wheat, brought about by the combined influence of high winds and chinch bugs, but also the copious and heavy rains to destroy the eggs and stay the further ravages of the latter, but not to destroy the so-called "cholera" or fungi, for their number to-day is amongst the unknown quantities, in spite of the continued heavy rains up to the time, and the predictions to the contrary, notwithstanding the scientists, for curses both loud and deep vented on the country climate and bugs, in the past years, bear ample testimony, that the ways of providence are mysterious and past finding out, when it failed for wise purposes to interfere, I will then conclude that this letter will not have been written in vain.

The experience gained by the writer in raising fall wheat as a money crop, supplemented by that gleaned from the interchange of views with intelligent farmers engaged in the like pursuit, induced him to quit it three years ago, after having followed it with varying success for nearly a dozen years. During the above period, one other farmer beside myself, was the only person in this township who sowed fall wheat, all others having retired in disgust. I cite this instance, to not only show my perseverance, but also the fascination to me there was in the cultivation of what Shakespeare calls the staff of life bread, although the fact seemed to be patent to the majority of the farmers in this township and county, that the climate and chinch bugs were not conducive to wheat raising as a money crop, and they quit years before I did.

Some of my readers will probably say that we failed to catch on how to raise wheat in Kansas. For myself I can say in the language of Mr. Green, "I did the best I knew how, etc.," and in order to show how hard we tried by labor and skill to overcome the natural obstacles in our way to success, I will state that we generally plowed our ground as soon as the preceding crop was taken off, and always intended to finish it, at least by the middle or latter part of August, and if the season was dry, we harrowed the days' plowing in the evening before quitting work, in order to compact the soil and assist it in retaining its moisture, in case rain failed to materialize, which, unfortunately, was often the case. Under such a contingency the roller and harrow had to do double duty. The seed was rarely sown later than September 20, for the rate of one and a half to two bushels per acre. Even then the soil was sometimes as dry as the dust on the highway, after an old-fashioned camp meeting during a dry spell of weather. The average yield per acre for the fifteen years was twelve bushels per acre, not taking into account the loss of one entire crop in 1887, caused by drouth and chinch bugs. For two seasons I cultivated my entire crop with a narrow shovel, two-horse cultivator. The seeding was done in the following manner: I nasted a stout piece of paper over every other drill hole in the drill box, thus making the distance sixteen, instead of eight inches between the drill rows, and sowing one bushel of seed per acre. The result was a yield equal to any obtained in any former year when more seed was sown, but I soon discovered that the stirring of the soil just suited the chinch bugs, who seemed to thrive with tenfold more vigor than formerly, just the reverse of what I expected from cultivation.

I feel satisfied that the foregoing experience, barring the cultivation, is simply a repetition of what thousands of farmers in the state have experienced, and yet, notwithstanding the many drawbacks, they still persist in raising wheat; because they are possessed with the same fascination that charmed me, and which is akin to the love of the drunkard at the sight of a glass of "hell broth" (whisky). Although ruin in living letters of fire is written on the bottom of the glass, he will none the less drain it to its dregs. So with the wheat farmer. He will follow the wheat raising "jack o' lantern" until he lands in the entire debt. Happily for myself, the loss of one entire crop and the continued decline in price of wheat caused me to call a halt sooner than I otherwise would have done.

There are still others who persist in raising wheat, who contend that there is just as much money in wheat to them as there is in any other crop they raise. Whilst I am free to admit that there may be isolated cases in almost every neighborhood where farmers are favored by soil and location in which the assertion is borne out by the truth, in the great majority of instances the reverse is the case, and the profit will ultimately have to be placed on the debit side of the ledger.

Again, not all parts of Kansas are adapted to corn. In such parts of the state, in lieu of a more profitable crop, it would be sound policy to continue to raise wheat; but where the reverse is the case, farmers should quit it, for it is simply grambling, with the chances all against them.

First—Because climate and chinch bugs are against them, and as a feeding and breeding ground a field of wheat stands pre-eminent.

Second—Our secretary of Agriculture, and those who aid him, irresponsible correspondents in the local newspapers, all seem to be using their endeavors to impress the outside world with the yet unknown fact (except in their own imaginations), that the farmers of Kansas will have on hand thirty five million bushels of wheat, when every intelligent farmer knows that at the time the report was sent out ninety five per cent of the crop was still standing in the fields, either not harvested or in shock. They also know that it is almost impossible to estimate the yield of wheat in a field; that the only sure test is the thrashing machine, and that all other reports not based on it are misleading.

Third—Although the above is annually played on the credulity of the farmer, the great majority of us fail to recognize the fact, that the price for the products of our farms, (among which wheat stands in the front rank) are based not on the actual average yield, but on the fictitious one sent out by the secretary of Agriculture and his aides.

Fourth.—Just as long as we bow our necks to the yoke, which is so defly placed on them by the secretary, by and through the farm statistics which we furnish through the assessor every spring, neither wheat nor any other crop will, for any length of time, be profitable to raise, for it places us at the mercy of the speculators of the civilized world.

Sixth—Instead of blowing our triumphs on the street corners of our trading towns, so that the penny-a-liners of the local press may keep posted, let us institute the reticence of the land tortoise, when interviewed, and retire within our shells. Members of the Alliance and Grange may profit by the above admonition as well as ourselves. Let no one imagine that I flatter myself, that if the hints or suggestions conveyed in this and previous letters were carried into practical effect, that the farmers' millenium would at once occur, not by any means. But being a modest man I merely claim for them as performing the duties of so many finger boards, pointing out to the farmer the first steps necessary to be taken on a road intersected by numerous other roads, sloughs, stumps, rocks, and pit-falls, and unless we help each other in a true fraternal spirit, whether we belong to an Alliance or any other farmers' organization, no matter how much we may differ in non-essentials, if we can agree in the main, our success will be in proportion as we move onward as a unit. There are those of us who can conscientiously say that since they have arrived at man's estate, they have, with voice and pen, advocated our just rights, and exposed fraud and injustice, whether perpetrated by our own party or not, and will continue to do so, although they may never belong to a farmers' organization. Finally, either the misrepresentations which are annually spread broadcast over the land (recognized by law) which we are the victims, for the secretary in his final report, after the threshing machine has finished its work, annually proves it to be so, robs the farmers of hundreds of thousands of dollars every year, either through erroneous judgment or mistaken zeal in the interest of agriculture, or some of the correspondents in the Blade Farm are badly mistaken, which latter remains to be proven. Let us not lose sight as farmers and correspondents of THE BLADE FARM, of the inestimable privilege we enjoy through it, that every letter we write passes into the hands of over one hundred thousand readers, and for that privilege let us not abuse it by working diligently for its circulation.—WM. STINE, Wilsey, Kansas.

HOME MATTERS.

Suggestions to Housekeepers—Every-day Items Worth Remembering.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs 13 ounces.

Stains on ivory knife handles may be removed with salts of lemon.

Set a small box of lime in the pantry and it will help keep it dry and the air pure.

A strong solution of alum, to which has been added a little glycerine and vinegar, is a cure for mosquito bites.

To have a good cup of tea, fresh water is essential; otherwise the best tea will be "off flavor."

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also recommended for this purpose.

Mosquitoes, flies and gnats may be kept away by sponging the face and hands with elderflower water.

Ivory black stirred in ordinary shellac varnish makes a brilliant black for iron stoves and fireplaces.

When butter is put into the ice chest or refrigerator cover it tight, and it will not absorb odors from the other contents.

Applying kerosene with a rag when you are about to put your stoves away for the summer will help to prevent them from rusting.

To clean vinegar bottles and cruets crushed egg-shells in a little water are as good as shot, besides being healthier and handier.

If ironed when damp, and pressed till dry table linen takes a certain stiffness which is more permanent and less subject to creases than the stiffness of starch, which is also injurious to the fabric.

Two tablespoonfuls of washing soda in a gallon of boiling water makes a good disinfecting drink. Put the bottle in a pail at night, while it is still at boiling heat.

Make a list in the order in which you pack them, of the contents of your woolen chest, and paste it on the outside. Then the article at the head of the list will be in the bottom of the box.

Lime and alkali stains may be removed from white goods by simply washing. In the case of colored goods and silks, the goods should be moistened and citric acid, much diluted, applied with the finger.

Many iron towels, fold and put them away before they are dry. This is an error, and sometimes results in mildew being produced. In this damp condition there is a mold which forms on them called oidium, one variety of which causes numerous skin diseases.

A wash which will remove the sunburn acquired by outdoor sports is made by adding to twelve ounces of elderflower water six drachms of common soda and six drachms of powdered borax. Applied to the skin, it will make it as clear and soft as a baby's.

Bananas in the tropics are eaten raw or with sugar and cream, or wine or orange juice. Cooked when green or ripe, they are fried alone or in butter, baked with the skins on or made into puddings or pies. They are made into a paste, which is the staple food of many Mexican tribes.

To clean lace, fill a bottle with cold water, draw a stocking tightly over it, securing both ends firmly. Place the lace smoothly over the stocking, and tack it closely. Put the bottle in a kettle of cold water containing a few shavings of soap, and place over the fire to boil. Rinse in several waters, and then drain and dry. When dry remove, and place smoothly in a large book, and press with weights. Very nice lace can be made to look like new by this process.

The Sanitary Inspector says that every morning when the German housewife receives her quart of milk, she immediately places it over the fire and brings it to a brisk boil. Boiled milk is not relished by many who are not accustomed to it; but most people come to like it decidedly after they have used it a short time. In view of the fact that milk may be the medium for the transmission of several diseases, we should do well to adopt the foreign custom of sterilizing it.

The best time to bathe—The best time to bathe is just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then in the bath tub, is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used.

To clean the pots—The natural color of iron is gray, and a little care will keep iron vessels this color. If they are black before use they are dirty. It is a good plan, occasionally, if you must used iron ware instead of lighter vessels, to plunge such articles as baking pans, spiders, griddles, etc., in water with one tablespoonful of soda to each gallon of water, cover close and cook them for two hours. Then remove one at a time and wash each piece before it dries. You will be amazed at the changed condition of your wares the first time you do it, unless you are one among 10,000 of our housekeepers.

Blind Fish and Rabbits' Tails.

At the Royal Institution, Prof. Ray Lankester accounted for the absence of eyes in the fishes in the famous underground Kentucky caves in the following way: A great flood carries to the bottom of the Kentucky caves, some 30 miles below the surface, a number of fish, among whose numerous offspring will be some defective in sight, as some babies are born blind, or without any eyes at all. The fish who can see some faint glimmerings of light will swim away toward that light, while those will remain that cannot perceive the gleams. This, with every succeeding generation, would occur, the stronger in sight swimming away and the weaker remaining, and as the breeding would therefore occur between those of the worst sight, fish would be born of weaker eyes and weaker until born blind. The professor accounted for the white patch on rabbits' tails. He explained that as rabbits are gregarious animals, signaling is of great advantage to them, and that the white patch so conspicuous against the darker fur of the rest of the body is of use as a signal. Hares, on the other hand, being solitary animals, do not stand in need of a signal. Hence, the tail of the hare is not conspicuous in its color.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, Aug. 24, says: The monetary pressure, of which so many warnings have been given, has operated this week to modify an improvement in general trade due to excellent crop prospects. It is quite the fashion in stock exchange circles to represent the rise in leading rates as artificial and intended to affect the prices of stocks. But the truth is that speculation of various sorts had probably withdrawn too much money from the support of legitimate business and productive industry, and the tendency of apprehension for the future has been to cut down time loans still further, while many of the lenders have preferred to place their money on call with readily negotiable collaterals. The treasury, meanwhile has been collecting its surplus revenue from the people at large, but disbursing it to holders of bonds and so to leaders of monetary centers. The result has tended for months to cause a faulty distribution of the monetary supply.

The suspension of important mills results in greater caution as to loans and a quick arrest of purchases of materials for woois and cotton manufactures. Thus, at Boston the wool market has been completely unsettled again, sales for the week amounting to only 1,100,000 lbs., all in small lots and concessions of 1 to 2 cents would be necessary in order to move large lots.

From all quarters improvement in business is reported, with fine prospects for fall trade consequent upon large crops. At Chicago their actual transactions are about equal to last year's in clothing, a little larger on boots and shoes, and about 18 per cent larger in dry goods.

The grocery trade improves at most points excepting as to sugar, for which the demand has been much affected by the operations of the trust and raw is ¼c lower.

Coffee is in better demand and ¼ higher and the serious injury to the eastern potato crop by wet weather has caused a sharp advance in rates.

Butter and eggs are also higher, and cotton 3-16 for spool, notwithstanding a decline of ⅛ in print cloths.

The splendid crop prospects begin to show their legitimate prices of breadstuffs and provisions.

Hogs have declined this week 20c per 100 lbs.; lard 12c and pork 50c per bbl.; oats and corn ½c each, the latter with sales of 5,000,000 bushels and wheat has declined 1⅛c with sales of only 7,500,000 bushels here.

The speculative movement

WASHINGTON NEWS

THE EXTRA SESSION.

Congress Will be Called Together About October 20.

It is understood that the date of the extra session of Congress has been practically agreed upon, and that that body will be convened about the 20th of October. It was intended to have the session commence about the 1st of October, but then it was deemed best to wait until after the result of the elections in the four new states should be made known. The majority of the party is extremely narrow at present and the Democrats might make the organization of the House difficult; but with the additional Republicans that the new states will furnish, there will be no question whatever as to organization. We shall have a good working majority after the contested seats are decided, but it must be remembered that the roll of members is made up now by the clerk of the House, who is a bitter partisan Democrat and who is going to give his party all the advantage possible at the outset. I am satisfied that even without the new states we shall have a Republican majority of at least fifteen, when the contested seats are settled, but at present I think Gen. Clark only allows us three. It can readily be seen that the absence by sickness or death of a very few Republicans would give the Democrats a majority, and they might be desperate enough to attempt to organize in their own interest. With the additional Republicans which the new states will furnish there will be no fear of anything of that kind.

The Speakership Contest.

With the conviction that Congress will come together earlier than usual, the interest in the speakership contest is revived, and will increase from now until the nomination is made. When it was believed that an extra session would be called shortly after Gen. Harrison's inauguration, Burrows, of Michigan, Butterworth and McKinley, of Ohio, Cannon of Illinois, and Tom Reed, of Maine, loomed up as candidates for the speakership. Each claimed quite a following, though to do Butterworth justice, he didn't seem to be making much of an effort in his own behalf. He wanted Ohio to have the honor, and if McKinley could get it he would be satisfied. It he was convinced that McKinley couldn't be successful, then he would pitch in himself. I haven't seen Butterworth for some time, but I believe that is his feeling now.

Joe Cannon has put a good deal of personal energy into his canvass and before he left the city believed he stood a pretty good show of winning; at least he expected to poll a large vote on the first ballot. I am told that he has not been idle in his own interest during the vacation and is fully as sanguine as ever. Burrows, of Michigan, is very popular, and would make a good presiding officer, and in addition to his personal friends in the last house who have been re-elected, bases his main hope, I think, upon the chance that he may be selected as a compromise candidate.

To those, however, who have studied the situation most carefully, the fight seems to really lie between McKinley and Reed. Both are strong men, and either would make an excellent presiding officer. Both have had long experience in legislation and are fully equipped in parliamentary practice. Both are prompt in decision and each has sufficient nerve to see that his decisions are respected. Both have rendered eminent and faithful service to the party and in the most respectable manner to the honor. Reed was a thorn in the side of the Democratic party during the last administration. He was the acknowledged leader of the Republican minority and he handled his forces in a masterly manner. His quick perception at once uncovered every trick of Democratic legislation and his biting sarcasm was unsparingly used in exposing the shortcomings of the majority. Always on the alert, persistent in his demand for a hearing and fearless in his utterances, he, more than any one member, prevented the passage of many an unwise or vicious measure.

McKinley also rendered valuable service, particularly in his speeches upon the tariff, and his masterly exposure of the viciousness and sectional favoritism in the Mills bill. He has, perhaps, more personal magnetism than Reed and has a larger personal following in the last House. After his return from the Chicago convention he was almost mobbed by his party friends for his refusal to betray John Sherman and allow his own name to go before the convention. Had there been an extra session last spring I believe McKinley would have won the speakership easily. Now, however, there are stories of his double dealing in the matter of appointments, which, if true, will operate seriously to his detriment. I am told that in his anxiety to secure in advance as many promises as possible, he has played fast and loose with candidates for office who were backed by delegations of different states and that as a result many who had expected to vote for him have now asserted that not only will they oppose him themselves, but will use their influence with other members against him. All these things may be satisfactorily adjusted, but at present the major's prospects do not seem nearly so bright as they were some three months ago; and the shrewd politicians point to Reed as the next speaker.

Tanner is All Right.

Speaking of the pension officer naturally brings me to say that Commissioner Tanner, as I have asserted all along would be the case, is coming out of the investigation into the affairs of his administration all right. Corruption in the matter of pensions has been a favorite theme for the Mugwumps and Democrats, and they early took opportunity to make allegations against Tanner. They have persistently ignored his explanations, which have been as frank and open as could be made and have reiterated their charges and insisted that in the event this committee now inquiring into the management of the Pension office fails to discover any ground for censuring the commissioners, a congressional investigation shall be had. Well, let them investigate, only, if any investigation is had, let it extend to the administration of Gen. Black and some very rich developments will be brought out. One thing is unfortunate for Tanner, which is that there are those in office who are anxious to occupy his place, and are consequently disposed to put his conduct in an unfavorable light. Some of them are so indiscreet in their utterances that they at once betray their motives. Still they make it unpleasant for Tanner and Secretary Noble.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

An Expedition to Go to Africa to Witness It.

Capt. Phythian, the superintendent of the naval observatory, said on August 22 that the preparations for the expedition to Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun which occurs in December next, are being actively pushed forward. The scientists are making their advance calculations, instruments are being purchased and regulated, and everything is being attended to that can be done in advance.

The meagre appropriation given by Congress for this work, $5,000, necessitates very careful expenditures, and it will be impossible to send the expedition to St. Paul de Loando, where the observations will take place, except on a government vessel. It was at first thought that the new cruiser Baltimore would be selected for this purpose, but it is now seen that she will not be ready for sea in time for the expedition, which will have to sail about October 1. One of the older vessels will probably be sent over with the scientists, possibly the Alliance, now at Norfolk.

Counterfeits.

The chief of the secret service of the Treasury department is informed that a counterfeit $2 United States silver certificate, act of August 4, 1886, department series 1886, check letter "C," has just made its appearance in the West. The general appearance of the note is very bad. The vignette of Gen. Hancock is exceptionally poor, and the background very scratchy. In the counter in the upper right-hand corner of face containing the figure "2," the geometric lath work is not discernible, while in the genuine it is very distinct. The check letter "C" next to the vignette of Hancock is very indistinct and it is omitted altogether in the right end of the note. The small letters in border of face are very indistinct. On the back of the note the lath work is so poor that a cursory glance would at once enable one to determine the false character, and the words "Bureau Engraving and Printing" in small panel, lower center of back, can hardly be decipnered.

Free Delivery Offices.

Acting Postmaster General Clarkson, on August 21, ordered the free delivery service established at the following named postoffices on October 1: Lockhaven, Pa; Corry, Pa; Menominee, Mich.; Albion, Mich.; Wausa, Wis.; Fostoria, O.; Aspen, Col.; Kearney, Neb.; St. Cloud, Minn.; East Liverpool, O.; Oberlin, O.; Madison, Ind.

TO KEEP THEM IN LINE.

McKinley's Tactics in the Speakership Contest.

Advices received from Representative McKinley indicate that he will be in the city about the first week in September. He is convinced that he has enough support to elect him speaker, and that it will be policy to get here on the ground, the point where he is most likely to hear of the movements of the other candidates.

He is reported as not being so anxious to secure the votes of members who have not yet indicated their preference as to keep in line those who are already pledged to him. The major believes that it will be the field against him at the start and that he will have to hold his initial support solid to get any benefit out of the breaking of other delegations.

The nomination of any candidate for speaker is out of the question on the first ballot, on account of the number in the race, and the advantage lies with the candidate who has an old guard support—"Ready to die, but never to surrender."

When Representative Cannon left Washington it was with the understanding that he would be back early to resume his outdoor campaign for speakership honors. So far as known the other speakership candidates have not indicated when they will appear upon the scene.

In the absence of the effective end of the administration, there will be few members of Congress here for the next month, and if Congress is called into an extra session, the preliminary fight will embrace but a short space of time.

ALL IS PEACE.

Sherman and Quay are Like Two Loving Brothers.

A story is going the rounds speaking very wisely about a reconciliation between Senators Quay and Sherman before the Senate meets, as if there had been a serious quarrel between them.

The Alphonso Hart incident, when understood, was passed over without any further notice. The whole matter was fully understood between the two senators before they left the city for the summer. Therefore there is nothing to reconcile.

Senator Quay said in Washington very recently that he was entirely satisfied that Senator Sherman had nothing to do with the movement to throw his man overboard and substitute one of his own and that there was no feeling between them.

To Chiefs of Divisions.

Pension Commissioner Tanner has issued the following important order to chiefs of divisions: "The rule which has hitherto maintained in this office regarding proof of origin of disability, under which the evidences of one commissioned officer or orderly sergeant was accepted, while in the absence of that evidence the testimony of two private soldiers has been required, is hereby so far modified that, in the absence of the evidence of the commissioned officer or the orderly sergeant, the origin shall be held to be proven on the evidence of the claimant and one private soldier, provided always that said claimant and said private be men of reputable character."

THE SEAL PIRATES.

The Rush Doing Effective Work Against Them.

Captain Alger, of the American sealing schooner Allie L. Alger, and one of his hunters, both fresh from Behring Sea, arrived at Victoria, B. C., August 20, and they brought news of importance with them.

The captain, who was interviewed immediately on arrival said:

"On the 30th of July we were in Behring Sea, as nearly as we can judge, about 50 miles west of St. Paul, when we sighted the cutter Rush steaming up to us on our quarter. We at once hove to. Some minutes afterwards a boat put off from the Rush and Lieutenant Tuttle boarded us.

"He asked for my papers, which I at once handed him and after perusing them he proceeded with two men to search the ship. He did not find anything, however, though he kept us up to our eyes in nothing to find aboard. After coming up out of the hold when he had finished searching the ship I said to him: "Well, what luck have you had in the search?"

He said: "I'll tell you. On July 11 we captured the Black Diamond and dispatched her to Sitka with a man on board to take charge of her. On July 23 we sighted the schooner Minnie. Her owner, Capt. Jacobson, was aboard at the time, and she had 843 seals. We took possession of her, and dispatched her to Sitka also.

"Yesterday (July 29), we bore down on the Pathfinder and found 800 seal skins aboard of her. We put another man aboard of her and ordered her off to Sitka, as well. Last week we boarded both the Arc and the Theresa, they also had some skins aboard, but we let them go as they had been too long caught, but ordering them out of the sea."

"After telling me this, the lieutenant told me I had better get out of the sea at once, and was then pulled aboard the steamer, which headed for the east. We then set sail for the south and arrived Monday at Neah Bay. I then left my schooner there and came up from Cape Flattery to Fort Townsend. We caught the Olympian and just reached Victoria. My schooner will, I expect, be on the road to Seattle now. I leave here on the Olympian to-day to rejoin her."

THE SEALERS.

More Seizures—The Sapphire Crowded on Canvas and Escaped from the Rush.

The government revenue cutter Richard Rush seized the British schooner Eunetta with 600 skins, July 31. The seizure of the Pathfinder and the Minnie is confirmed. The Pathfinder was the only vessel placed in charge of an American officer excepting the Black Diamond. The American sailing schooner Jas. G. Swan was seized in Behring Sea on July 30 with 235 head of seals aboard.

The vessel's documents, firearms and skins were taken aboard the Rush, and she ordered to Sitka to be turned over to the American authorities. The captain, being without charts and unacquainted with the Alaskan coast, proceeded to this point and surrendered his vessel to the collector of customs. There are between forty and fifty vessels now in Behring Sea.

The schooner Sapphire, whose owner is the American vice consul at Victoria, B. C., has arrived with 1,600 skins. Capt. Cox reports: "On July 27 we sighted the Rush. We put away under full sail. The chase lasted five hours. The Rush then gave up, the Sapphire sailing splendidly in a fine wind. We had 1,300 skins at the time."

MAHONE THE MAN.

Nominated for Governor of Virginia by the Republicans.

In the Virginia Republican state convention, held at Norfolk on August 22 and 23, Hon. George E. Bowden, of Norfolk, was made permanent chairman, and Col. Asa Rogers permanent secretary. The Mahone delegates, in cases where there were contests, were seated in three out of four cases, and in the fourth the vote was divided between the two delegations.

The platform was read by Col. W. C. Elam, of Louisa. It pledges the Republican party, if given power, to settle the state debt permanently, satisfactorily and without increasing the state tax.

Gen. Mahone was nominated for governor by Col. Wm. Cool, of Norfolk, who made a brilliant speech. S. Brown Allen, R. A. Paul, A. W. Harris and others seconded the nomination, and he was made the unanimous choice of the convention.

Col. Campbell S. Leup, of Lee county, was nominated for lieutenant-governor by acclamation.

Capt. Warren Lurty, of Harrisonburg, was nominated for attorney-general by acclamation.

Graham Makes a Successful Trip Through the Whirlpool.

Carlisle D. Graham made a successful trip through the whirlpool rapids Sunday afternoon in a barrel shaped boat. At first the boat traveled easy, but soon was in the grasp of the more rapid current that hastened its journey. It rode beautifully. In the trip through the rapids it frequently disappeared from sight, and when it struck the big wave in front of Buttery's elevator it was out of sight so long that many believed it to be lost.

At 4:52 o'clock it entered the whirpool. For a minute it was a question whether it was to go around the "pool" or down the river, but the outward-bound current was too strong, and at 4:54 p. m. Graham passed out of the pool and down through the fearful water opposite Foster's flats, which is the spot most feared.

All these dangers Graham passed in safety, and at 5:05 p. m. Seymour Fleming and John Lonsdale, of Lewiston, picked him and his little vessel up just above the old Lewiston bridge, on the Canadian side.

THE PRESIDENT.

INDIANA'S SILENT VICTORS.

President Harrison's Speech in Indianapolis on the 22d.

Fully 75,000 people were called together to witness the laying of the corner stone of the monument to Indiana's dead, at Indianapolis on Aug. 22. The ceremony took place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and President Harrison, when introduced, spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS—I did not expect to make any address on this occasion. It would have been pleasant if I could have found leisure to make suitable preparations to have accepted the invitation of the committee having these exercises in charge to deliver an oration. I would have felt it an honor to associate my name with an occasion so great as this.

Public duties, however, prevented the acceptance of the invitation and I could only promise to be present with you to-day. It seemed to me most appropriate that I should take part with my fellow citizens of Indiana in the great ceremony. There have been few occasions in the history of our state so full of interest, so magnificent, so inspiring, as that which we now witness. The suggestion that a monument should be builded to commemorate the valor and heroism of those soldiers of Indiana who gave their lives for the flag attracted my interest from the beginning.

I congratulate the people of Indiana that our legislature has generously met the expectations of our patriotic people. I congratulate the commission having this great work in charge that they have secured a design which will not suffer under the criticism of the best artists of the world. I congratulate you that no amount so costly as to show that we value that which it commemorates, so artistic as to express the sentiment which evoked it, is to stand in the capital of Indiana.

This is a monument of Indiana to Indiana soldiers. But I beg you to remember that they were only soldiers of Indiana until the enlistment oath was taken; that from that hour until they came back to the generous state that had sent them forth, they were soldiers of the Union. So that it seemed to me not inappropriate that I should bring you to-day the sympathy and cheer of the loyal people of all the states.

There were loud calls for Gen. Rusk at the conclusion of the President's remarks, and he responded as follows: "I will not detain you with any remarks. I am here with the President to witness these great ceremonies, and I am glad I am here. I met Indiana soldiers in the war, at Atlanta and Resaca, and many other points, and they never failed to support us, and I am here, to-day, to say to you that I will never fail to stand by you."

Attorney General Miller was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

"Nothing, my fellow citizens, was further from my thoughts than that I should be called upon to utter a word here to-day, and nothing could be less fit than that I should attempt at any length to speak to you. This is a great occasion, and a woman, on such an occasion as this, and after such exercises as we have had here to-day, has any right to mar them by a mere unconsidered extemporaneous address. I am not prepared to say anything which will either interest you or do credit to me. I can only say, as Governor Rusk has said, that I am glad that I am here, and I believe it is good for us to be here."

Private Secretary Halford was next called for and responded briefly as follows:

"it would be entirely inappropriate, my fellow-citizens and friends, for me to say anything else or more than to express my sincere thanks to you for your kindness."

This ended the exercises of the day, and with the booming of cannon and the chimes of the bells the throng dispersed after having seen Indiana's monument to its dead heroes fairly started towards completion.

THE INDIANA MONUMENT.

History of the Column Which Brought President Harrison West.

The scheme for a monument for the soldiers and sailors of Indiana, was originated by Mr. George J. Langsdale, editor of the Greencastle *Banner*. In 1875, at the meeting of the state Editorial association, in Indianapolis, he presented his plan, which was heartily endorsed, and resulted in a reunion in October of the same year, in Indianapolis, of all the surviving soldiers and sailors in the state.

At this reunion the work was fairly begun, the Indiana soldiers' and sailors' Monument association being organized. The work of collecting funds was commenced but the panic of 1876 put a stop to the work with only $1,000 in the treasury. In 1883 the work was again taken up and the association was incorporated under the laws of the state with Mr. Landsdale as president.

The association after meeting with many reverses secured the passage of a bill by the legislature in 1886-7, appropriating $200,000 for the erection of the monument. This with $222 contributed by the G. A. R. enabled the committee to begin work in earnest. Advertisements for designs were made and on January 27, 1888, that of Bruno Schmitz, of Berlin, was accepted.

The contract for the main central foundations was let to Enos Hege, of Indianapolis, and work put in during the summer of 1888 at a cost of $31,683.11. It is made of volitic stone from the Romena quarries, Owen county. In December, 1888, the contract for the erection of the main shaft and appendices of the monument were let to the Terre Haute (Ind.) stone company for $130,000.

The contractors expect to finish the work of the first shaft or pedestal by November of this year, and by the same month in 1890 will have their contract completed and the monument ready for the ornamentation.

The monument will be built of light gray limestone from Stinesville, Ind., quarries. When completed it will be 268 feet high; the diameter of the ground to be occupied is 192 feet.

On the north and south sides will be wide steps of stone 70 feet in length leading into the platform of the terrace from which the interior is reached by big bronze doors. Around these doors are tablets will bear inscriptions commemorative of the part borne in the war by the different countries, and above the tablets is the inscription of dedication.

TO INDIANA'S SILENT VICTORS

BY A GRATEFUL STATE.

The following articles will be deposited in the corner stone:

Terrill's reports, G. A. R. reports, badges, ritual and roster; W. R. C. reports, badges, ritual and rosters; S. of V. reports, badges, ritual and roster; monumental reports and documents since January 1, 1888; photographs and plans for the monument; "Indiana in The War," in two volumes; loyal legion reports; first memorial service of the G. A. R.; reports, of original G. A. R. minutes of legislature which passed Monument bill, *Journal*, *Tribune*, the state and the city papers. The monument is being erected in Circle park, in the exact geographical center of the city, and when completed will be the most magnificent and imposing structure of the kind in America.

SEVENTIETH INDIANA.

President Harrison at the Reunion on August 23.

The Seventieth Indiana regiment held its regular annual reunion at Tomlinson Hall, in Indianapolis, on Aug. 23. This regiment belonged to the First brigade, and the meeting was really expanded into a reunion of the entire brigade, inasmuch as the latter was invited to participate.

The President of the United States presided at the morning's session. City Attorney W. L. Taylor delivered an address of welcome, to which the President responded:

MR. TAYLOR—The survivors of the 70th Indiana Infantry, now assembled in annual reunion, have heard with great gratification the cordial words of welcome which you have addressed to us. We have never doubted the hospitality of the citizens of this great city, and have several times held our reunions here.

"If we have more frequently sought some of the quieter towns in this congressional district where the regiment was organized, it has only been because we could be a little more to ourselves than was possible in this city. You will not think this a selfish instinct when I tell you that, as the years go on, the meetings of our regiment become more and more family affairs, and as in the gathering of the scattered members of a family in a family reunion, we have loved when we get together as comrades to be somewhat apart that we might enjoy each other.

"It has been pleasant I am sure, however, to link this annual reunion with the great event of yesterday. It did us good to meet with our comrades of the whole state, those who wore different numbers on their uniform, but carried the same flag under which we marched.

"I express, comrades, my own gratification at being able to meet with you. The change which was made in the time of our assembling has made this possible, and I am glad to spend a few moments with you to-day, to forget altogether for the time being that I am a public officer, and to remember only that I am your comrade and friend. (Applause.)

"If those having charge now will announce some proper arrangement by which I can take by the hand the members, not only of the 70th Indiana, but any comrades of the 1st brigade who have done us honor by meeting with us to-day, I will be glad to conform with their wishes.

"It is perhaps possible that without leaving the hall, simply by an exchange of seats this may be accomplished and when that is done there may yet be time before dinner to proceed with some of the other exercises upon the programme."

The veterans listened attentively to this speech and after the other exercises were over, grasped the hand of their comrade-in-arms, now President of the United States.

FOREIGN.

LEGITIME ABDICATES.

Hippolyte Has Entered the City and Peace Is Assured.

Legitime abdicated on August 22, and embarked on a French gunboat. A temporary government has been formed. The Northern, or Hippolyte's army, was to enter Port au Prince on the 23d. Peace is probable. The United States steamer Kearsarge has moved nearer the city. Admiral Gherardi is master of the situation.

MRS. MAYBRICK.

The Official Notice of the Commutation Conveyed to Her.

Mrs. Maybrick's sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life.

The official messenger bearing the announcement of the commutation of Mrs. Maybrick's sentence, did not reach the jail until two o'clock on the morning of August 23. The news was at once communicated to the prisoner, who betrayed some emotion, but not to the extent that was anticipated.

The chaplain visited her at breakfast time. The revulsion of feeling had then prostrated her and she seemed weaker than at any time since her arrest. It is feared that she will not live long.

Briefly, her alleged paramour, sailed for Boston on the steamer Scythia which left Liverpool on the 22d.

AGAINST THE CHINESE.

A War being Waged in St. Louis to Exterminate the Mongolian.

A war of races has broken out in St. that threatens to speedily bankrupt the Chinese laundry men. During the last four years the Chinese colony has grown with alarming rapidity. Every new Chinaman opened a laundry, until the town is now plastered over with Mongolian washers.

The growth of this Chinese industry had had effect on the business of other laundry men. Finally the home laundries made a combination with the object of driving out the Chinese. The newspapers were filled with tales of woe. Indignation meetings were held and transparencies calculated to damage the Chinamen were carried in public places. It is said that the business of the Chinese laundries has fallen off 50 per cent. The Chinamen are about panic stricken.

The Behring Sea Muss.

The Canadian minister of customs says the government has not yet received any information regarding the seizure of the Pathfinder and Minnie in Behring sea by the American revenue cutter Rush. The people here are highly indignant over the apathy of the British government in respect to the seizures. It is rumored in official circles that the imperial government has ordered the warships on the Pacific station to keep away from Behring sea.

Europe's Peace.

The *North German Gazette*, referring to the newspaper comments upon the Emin Bey expedition, and the advisability of holding an indignation meeting says: "Our friendship for England forms the weightiest security for the peace of Europe, and our chief policy is to strengthen the friendship of England. For the two nations to estrange each other by public manifestations of hostility is to play into the hands of their opponents abroad."

O'Brien Again.

The trial of Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. James Gilhooly, members of Parliament from County Cork, on a charge of holding a nationalist meeting which had been proclaimed under the crimes act, has commenced. The defendants refused to recognize the authority of the court, and declined to cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution or to present any testimony in their own behalf.

John Bull Will Come.

In the House of Commons on Aug. 23. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, president of the board of trade, said England had accepted an invitation to send delegates to the maritime conference to be held in Washington, but the British delegates would not be empowered to make any arrangements binding upon England.

Austrian Grain.

A report just published, shows that the Austrian grain yield has decreased as follows: Wheat, 15,000,000 hectolitres; barley, 12,000,000 hectolitres; rye, 11,000,000 hectolitres; oats, 11,000,000 hectolitres.

A NOVEL BRIDAL TOUR.

What a Girl Did for Love of her Husband.

A novel bridal tour is what a newly married couple is at the present time enjoying. Several months ago Chas. Fish, a clerk in a San Francisco store, while attempting to board a ferry boat, made a mis-step and fell over some ropes into the arms of Mary Rathburn, daughter of a retired merchant. With an apology they parted. That night and for nights afterward the pair met at a party, and from that time a friendship sprang up between the two. Finding that the girl's parents were opposed to the match, the couple a few weeks later eloped and were married at Sacramento. The young man, having only $33, told his wife if they could only manage to reach New York all would be well, as he had wealthy relatives there. This proved satisfactory.

The girl took off her dresses and adorned herself in man's attire. Their adventures since then have been numerous. From Sacremento the pair beat their way by riding on the trains and on the tracks of passenger coaches. A week ago Ogden was reached, and being desirous to see some of Colorado's scenery, the Rio Grande was selected. After having been put off a half dozen trains, the couple reached Denver Saturday morning.

As it happened, the Union Pacific ran a Grand Army excursion train out Saturday night, and by strategy the couple managed to go on the train in the capacity of porters. It is more than probable that the pair will get through to Chicago, reaching New York next month. The girl is extremely pretty, and scarcely 19, while her husband is three years her senior.

LEECH LAKE INDIANS.

They Are Coming Around and Signing the Release.

Advices from the Leech Lake Indian reservation are now more encouraging for the commission's success. The hostile band was brought under control on the 17th, and after the councils and religious services Sunday the opposition weakened, and it was agreed to let those who wished sign the treaty.

After another council on the 19th, the sign ing began and was progressing favorably when the messenger left the reservation. There had been some serious personal encounters among the Indians, and one brave was reported killed. If the Leech Lake Indians sign, as now seems likely, all the other tribes are very certain to follow and open to settlement all the Minnesota and Wisconsin reservations.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Preparations for the Meeting at Chattanooga.

W. J. Colburn, chairman of the committee having in charge the arrangements for the reunion of the society of the Army of the Cumberland, which occurs in Chattanooga September 18, 19 and 20, has received a reply from Governor Gordon to a letter of invitation to make the welcoming speech at the great barbecue to be given on the battlefield of Chickamauga September 20. Governor Gordon accepts the invitation, and will make the address. Gen. Rosecrans has also notified the committee of his acceptance of the invitation to reply to Governor Gordon on the part of the Army of the Cumberland.

GENERAL NEWS.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

Forty Thousand Soldiers in Milwaukee on Monday.

From early morning on August 26, in Milwaukee the inspiring sound of the fife and drum could be heard on the streets leading from the railroad stations and steamboat docks. The crowd increased with the passing moments, and by 8 o'clock the marching companies, baggage wagons and omnibuses made the street crossings dangerous to foot-passengers.

Gen. Warner and the Kansas City contingent, about 300 strong, put in an appearance about 10 o'clock, and marched to the Plankinton House which is the headquarters of the commander in-chief.

A unique feature of the morning's arrival was the entrance into the harbor of a huge ark, from Sturgeon Bay, bedecked in the tri-colors and greens, and loaded to the guards with veterans from the neck of country reaching along the lake to Death's Door. The ark was in tow of a tug, and had a pleasant voyage.

At the Plankinton house, where Commissioner Tanner is quartered, there is a crowd of veterans not guests of the hotel, filling the lobbies and hallways, anxious to get a sight of the pension dispenser.

Gen. Sherman himself, does not attract much more attention than does the "Corporal."

The city is more elaborately decorated than at any time in its history, scarcely a building in the business portion being left untrimmed. The residence portion, too, has caught the infection, and red, white and blue streamers wave in the air from pillar and porch far into the outskirts. Everything is working satisfactorily for a successful outcome of the great encampment, and if the weather holds fair the Milwaukee meeting will figure as the most successful in the history of the Grand Army.

Among the dignitaries now present in the city are Secretary Rusk, Gen. Fairchild, Gov. Hoard, Gen. John C. Black, Private Dalzell, Corporal Tanner and Commander Warner.

Gen. Alger will undoubtedly be the next commander-in-chief, and from present indications the city of Washington will be chosen for the next national encampment.

Gen. W. T. Sherman arrived in the city at 1:15, and was escorted to his quarters by the executive council of the encampment.

On Tuesday the citizens and towns of the state seemed to have emptied themselves into Milwaukee. Before 10 o'clock 2,000 people from Waukesha alone had arrived, and it is not an exaggeration to say that by noon fully 50,000 Wisconsin people from outside the city had arrived. There were a great many delegations expected to reach here last night, but were belated and arrived between 7 and 9 o'clock this morning.

There was a little more disorder in finding quarters than there was on Monday morning, as attention was centered on the parade, but most of the arrivals managed to find their quarters and get into place in time to move with the column. On every vacant spot in the most busy streets post commanders could be seen drilling their little squads of men and giving instructions for falling into line in the parade. Some of the posts were few in numbers, while others were large. The Ransom post of St. Louis numbered more than any seen before the column moved. With its band it had nearly 300 men in line.

In the hotels the crush was terrible. It was all one could do to force his way through. In the Plankinton House, especially, where Gen. Sherman, Gen. Alger, Commissioner Tanner and Mrs. Logan were, crowds were standing around waiting to get a glimpse of the distinguished parties.

Mrs. Logan coming down the steps from the large dining room about 9 o'clock, leaning on the arm of Gen. Alger, was forced to hold an impromptu reception as a crowd of veterans from one direction, and a bevy of ladies from the opposite direction rushed to greet her. Mrs. Logan had a distinguished appearance as she stood a step above the crowd before her, her ruddy face set in a frame of silver-white hair, wreathed with smiles.

The day is perfect despite the premonitions of rain during the early morning hours and everything favors the success of the grand parade for which the lines are now forming. No accidents have occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Nearly 100 pickpockets and thugs have been run in by the police and placed where they can do no harm for the present at least.

OLD TECUMSEH.

He Talks About His Famous March to the Sea.

The question "why didn't General Sherman come to Augusta instead of going to Savannah," when he made his great march through Georgia, has been so often asked and commented upon, and without satisfactory solution, that Mr. P. A. Storall, editor of the Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle*, recently wrote General Sherman on the subject, and now prints the general's reply, as follows:

MY DEAR SIR:—I am just back from a visit to my daughter, who resides at Rosemont, near Philadelphia, and find your letter of the 15th.

The March to the Sea, from Atlanta, was resolved on after Hood had got well on his way to Nashville. I then sent to Gen. Thomas a sufficient force to whip Hood, which he did in December, 1864, very handsomely and conclusively did.

Still I had left a very respectable army, and received to join Grant at Richmond. The distance was 1,000 miles, and prudence dictated a base at Savannah or Port Royal. Our enemy had garrisons at Macon and Augusta. I figured on both, and passed between. Then starting northward the same problem presented itself in Atlanta and Charleston.

I figured on both, but passed between. I did not want to drive out their garrisons ahead of me at the crossings of the Santee, Catawba, Pedee, Cape Fear, etc.

The moment I passed Columbia the factories, powder mills and the old stuff accumulated at Augusta were lost to the only two Confederate armies left—Lee's and Hood's.

So if you have a military mind, you will see I made a better use of Augusta than if I had captured it with all its stores, for which I had no use. I used Augusta twice as a buffer, its garrison was just where it helped me.

If the people of Augusta think I slighted them in the winter of 1864-65 by reason of personal friendship formed in 1844, they are mistaken; or if they think I made a mistake in strategy, let them say so, and with the President's consent I think I can send a detachment of 100,000 or so of "Shermans boomers" and their descendants, who will finish up the job without charging Uncle Sam a cent. The truth is these incidents come back to me in a humorous vein.

Of course the civil war should have ended with Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Every sensible man on earth must have then seen there could be but one result. The leaders of the South took good care not to die in the last ditch and left brave men like Walker, Adams, Pat. Cleburne, etc., to do that. W. T. SHERMAN.

WESTERN CATTLE.

The Disease Which is Bothering the Ranch Owners.

Reliable news of the greatest importance to cattle men in all sections of the United States comes from the southern line of Kansas and the pasture lands of the Indian territory.

There has been for some time a suspicion among cattle dealers that the herds of natives and Texas cattle which range in the territory were afflicted with the Texas fever, but nothing definite could be ascertained.

A man named Wm. Johnson has just returned from a trip to Oklahoma and passed through the country where the herds are pastured. As he made the trip on horseback he was able to thoroughly investigate the trouble.

He says that not only are the natives dying by hundreds in the pastures, afflicted, but that through Texans, are the symptoms are exactly the same as Texas fever, but through Texans has never been known to die of the disease before. He says cattle are being shipped to market from pastures where carcasses are lying in hundreds, and of the same brands as those shipped, and that they are considered good enough for canner's stock, and everything goes.

A colored man who bought 130 head of natives and had them in a pasture with through Texas cattle, has already lost half of his herd and the rest are dying rapidly. This incident is repeated from several pastures, and cattle men are becoming much alarmed. Among cattle raisers it is a prevalent belief that the disease is not Texas fever, but something even more serious.

It is said the managers of the Kansas City stock yard will take immediate action in the matter, and try to prevent the shipping of cattle from those places where the disease is raging.

Dakota Millers.

The North Dakota Millers' association has decided to place an agent in London to dispose of flour direct to the bakers of Great Britain, and J. S. Hillyer, of Bismarck, will depart immediately to attend to that duty. It is thought this will have a strong tendency to strengthen the home wheat market, and besides will result in the building of a number of new mills.

OHIO DEMOCRATS.

The Gathering of the State Convention at Dayton.

The Ohio Democratic Convention met at Dayton, on August 27 and 28.

The fight here is simply free trade and protection, or high and low tariff, as the writer may be a Republican or a Democrat. It is a very pretty fight, too. The question of candidates has been almost subordinated in the discussion, and on the streets, and in the hotel corridors, one hears gray-haired Democrats from the country districts, spruce young Democrats from the larger cities, and pronounced Democrats of the loud-voiced and loud-clothed variety from Hamilton county, all explaining "how I stand on the tariff."

The trouble is that while they all agree on what political economists call the essentials; namely, while they are all willing to agree that "a tariff is a tax," that "a high tariff fosters trusts," that "a high tariff is a war tariff," and so on down the whole list of stock terms which have done so much service in other campaigns, in reality they cannot agree at all. In fact, the small number of delegates now here are fighting like cats and dogs, and when the full convention and its attendant following of the unterrified are gathered together, the Lord himself only knows what they will do.

That is the reason why every one wants to know whether Frank Hurd is going to be here or no.

It is a fight between the free trade and protection wings of the Democratic party, and the free traders naturally feel a trifle handicapped as long as their leader is away.

Free Trade or Protection.

The issue is, as said, free trade or protection. The fight is Campbell or Neal. Virgil P. Kline is a nice man, whom everybody speaks well of, but they all seem agreed that as long as they speak well of him they need not vote for him, and he will probably have to be satisfied with the good wishes of the convention in place of their votes.

Neal is really making a strong fight. He sat in an open carriage in front of the Phillips House last night and received quite an ovation, and his supporters are terribly in earnest. They are, as a rule, conscientious in the matter and argue, sensibly enough, that if the Democrats of Ohio are going to adopt a free trade platform they might as well nominate a free trader on it, and not stultify themselves by declaring for a low tariff and nominating a man who, in congress, voted for a high. All of the Thurman wing of the party is preaching this doctrine with vehemence and considerable effect—Allen G. Thurman is not dead yet—and the effect is noticeable. While Campbell still has the pole, Neal is making a strong race, and the result is still in doubt. To-day the Campbell people are willing to concede more than they were a week ago. They have practically given up the fight on the platform, and are willing to allow the free traders to frame it to suit themselves. The man who voted against the Morrison bill, and was only brought to vote for the Mills bill by virtue of President Cleveland's command, said some time ago that he "could stand on any platform the Democratic party of Ohio could frame," and it looks as if he would have to.

That is, if he is nominated, but the chances now would indicate that he will be.

It Will Compromise.

The platform will, however, be a compromise. It will go into the tariff questions far enough to suit the free traders. It will "reaffirm the principles laid down in the St. Louis platform," "point with pride" to the administration of President Cleveland, endorse "his wise suggestions" on the disposal of the surplus, etc., and then go into a long abuse of the administration of Governor Foraker, in other words, "state issues." Anything which sounds like hatred of Governor Foraker is sure of approval in a Democratic convention, be it in Ohio or New York, and consequently the "state issue" business is found to go through with a whoop and a yell. It will prove immensely popular—in the convention—and Campbell expects to get nominated by virtue of it.

The State Central committee met, and it is rumored that the session was a stormy one. The Campbell men, although having agreed not to insist upon displacing Mr. Harris as temporary chairman, made an effort in that direction. This was done, as stated, at the instigation of Allen O. Myers.

Allen is not noted for his modesty, and endeavored to have his own name substituted for that of Harter, but his scheme failed to work, and the free trader from Mansfield will have the opportunity of delivering his acclimation speech on the tariff. The committee made arrangements for a meeting of the new central committee immediately upon the adjournment of the convention on Wednesday, at which time, unless the present plans are changed, an executive committee to manage the campaign will be selected.

The number of candidates multiplies with the arrival of each county delegation, and the number of Bourbons who seek a nomination in August for the sake of defeat in November is surprising. The list Tuesday stands as follows, with promise of additions later along:

Governor—James E. Campbell, Hamilton; Lawrence T. Neal, Chillicothe, and Virgil P. Kline, of Cleveland.

Lieutenant Governor—W. V. Marquis, Bellefontaine; Judge S. W. Cartwright, Pickaway; W. B. Ritchie, Lima; Henry Dorn, Cleveland; E. B. Hubbard, Tiffin; John F. Monnot, Stark county; and John G. Warwick, of Stark. The latter will be remembered as the presiding officer of the Senate of the notorious and infamous Sixty-sixth General Assembly, the last Democratic government with which the people of Ohio were afflicted.

Supreme Judge—L. R. Critchfield, Holmes; Caleb H. Norris, Marion; M. D. Follett, Washington; and Judge Lincoln, Madison.

Treasurer—James McClurg, Gallia; Representative Boder, Guernsey; Senator Sinnett, Licking; A. D. Heffner and Theodore S. Sweet, Franklin.

Attorney General—J. M. Lewis, Champaign; and Perry M. Adams, Seneca.

School Commissioner—C. C. Davidson, St